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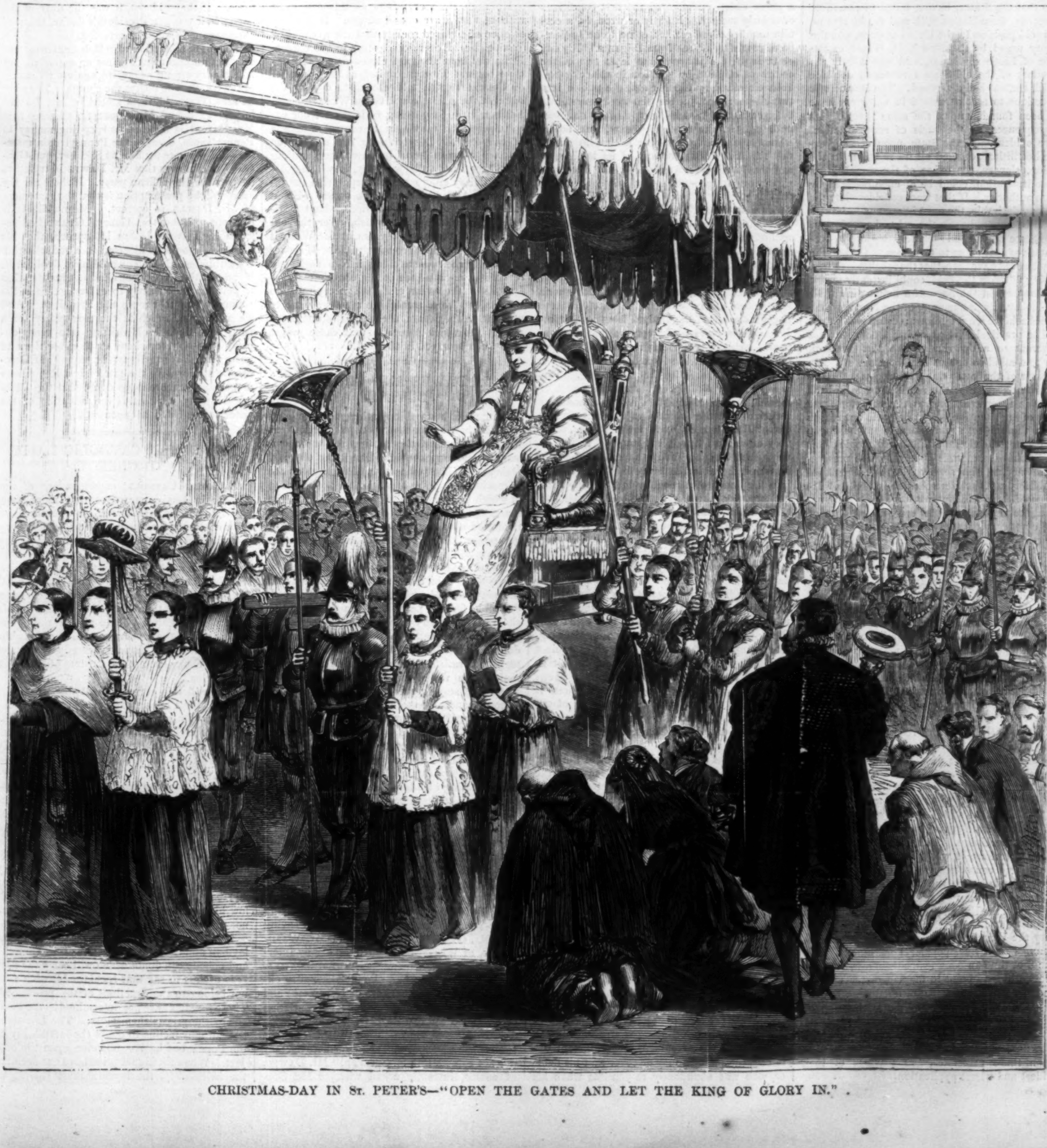
CHRISTMAS-DAY IN St. PETER'S.

The ceremonies of the last Christmas festival in St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome were attended with more than usual interest, on account of the gathering of so many dignitaries of the Romish Church in that city to attend the opening of the Œcumenical Council. The Pope, accompanied by the Cardinals and many of the Bishops, was present on Christmas-eve at the grand vespers; and afterward performed, in the sacristy of the Sistine Chapel, the ceremony of blessing the two-handed sword and crimson velvet cap, which were to be displayed in procession next morning. The Christmas-day services in the cathedral began with matins and lauds, at 3 o'clock in the morning. At 9 o'clock, when a large congregation of spectators filled the nave, the grand pontifical procession entered St. Peter's, the Pope wearing the tiara presented to him by the Queen of Spain; the Cardinals and the long array of prelates vested and mitred as for the altar. Nothing in this procession excited so much attention as the splendid attire of the Oriental Bishops, who wore copes of gold tissue or many-hued silk. All had jeweled mitres—that ornament, as worn by several, being in the form of a regal crown; and the grave and noble aspect of these aged fathers, with their long beards, were strikingly picturesque with such accessories of pomp. Pius IX. went through the rites with his accustomed dignity, chanting in a voice whose fine tones age has not enfeebled, and looking very well, though somewhat pale from fatigue, as he passed on his lofty throne under the silver-tissue canopy and between the waving, feathery fans. The procession on this occasion is similar to that which accompanies the Pope to the cathedral on Palm-Sunday, with the omission, of course, of the palms. The latter ceremony includes the scene in the grand vestibule of the cathedral, where the procession halts for a moment at the closed doors, and the chorus at its head chant the words: "Open the gates and let the King of Glory in!" To which the chorus within reply: "Who is this King of Glory?" The doors are then thrown open, and the representative of the King of Glory is borne into the cathedral. This part of the ceremomy is not used at the Christmas festival; but the spirit of the two pageants is the same, and the words are applicable to both.



CHRISTMAS-DAY IN St. PETER'S—"OPEN THE GATES AND LET THE KING OF GLORY IN."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 12, 1870.

THE RESTORED UNION.

THE admission of Virginia will be followed by that of Mississippi, Texas, and Georgia, and the formal reconstruction of the Union will then be completed. The principle thus established by the people of the United States is, that a State which wages war against the government, in order to dissolve the Union, shall return to the exercise of its privileges as a member of the Union only upon such conditions as the people, in Congress, may prescribe. The source of this policy is the profound conviction of those people that the United States are not a partnership, a league, a confederacy, but substantially a nation. The theory of State sovereignty, maintained by the Democratic party, was found, when practically tested, to involve the ruin of the country and all its interests. And whatever may have been the real feeling of the framers of the Constitution—a feeling which was not plainly revealed in the instrument—the opinion and determination of the people of to-day have been demonstrated. The war and the consequent reconstruction of the Union are the final interpretation of the Constitution by the nation upon the subject of State sovereignty; and nothing but a war of similar scope to that of the rebellion can reverse that decision.

There is no doubt that the Republican policy of reconstruction is agreeable to the principles of the government and to the situation. The theory of Andrew Johnson and of Mr. Seward that the States, having failed in the effort to secede, were States still, and might resume their old position in the Union at once, was the theory urged by the New York *World* at the time of Lee's surrender, and was merely the corollary of the old State sovereignty doctrine which the war had destroyed. The Democratic objections to reconstruction in Congress have all been founded upon the same theory. Its consequences, as the basis of reconstruction, were evident. If the State, upon ceasing active hostilities, resumed all its relations to the Union, slavery, the cause of the war, being a State institution, could be at once restored by State authority. If that were considered by the State undesirable, the most inhuman disabilities could be imposed upon the colored population. The State might send such Senators and Representatives as it chose to Congress. In fact, the result would have been, that the rebellious States, having failed in the field, could instantly return to Congress in the hope of a union with their old lackey, the Democracy of the North, which would achieve what their arms could not extort.

The practical folly of such a theory was not apparent to a doctrinaire like Mr. Seward, nor to a mind so dull as Mr. Johnson's. The instinct of the latter was indeed correct. His favorite phrase that the rebels must take back seats in reconstruction was the common-sense view of the situation. But he could not reason upon the subject; and the moment he began he became the victim of the narrow logic of his traditional Democratic dogmas, which presently seemed to him serviceable to his personal ambition, and therefore became inflexible. He repeated them like a parrot. Facts, human nature, the necessity of the case, the welfare of the country, were unavailing against his stolid repetition of the assertion that, if a State couldn't get out of the Union, of course it staid in the Union; and if it staid in, of course it had equal rights with all other States. If the country had faltered in the greater logic of facts and the situation, of the war, its causes and its results, the victory over the rebellion would have been half undone. The Administration and Mr. Seward strained every nerve to make it falter. They had a powerful ally in the reaction that followed the war, and the essential good-nature of the country. They were supported by the Democratic party, and a large number of doubters among the Republicans. Except for the events of 1861 and 1862 in the late rebel States, the result might have been uncertain. But those events clearly interpreted the situation, and indicated the necessary policy, the policy that could alone secure the results of the war, the policy that was adopted.

The rebellion struck at the government to save slavery; the government abolished slavery to save the Union. From that moment, if it were victorious, it was pledged to take care that every consequence and circumstance of slavery ended with the system. That it has done. Upon the rock of the equal rights of all citizens of the United States the Union has been reconstructed. For the first time in their history the United States deserve the honor that belongs to a free, popular government. For the first time an American citizen any where in the world may point to the flag of his country and say that it is the flag of freedom. For the first time the principles of the Declaration of Independence have become those of the country that published it. And he is of little faith who does not see, in the reunion of the States upon those principles, the promise of their widest and wisest application.

AT LAST!

The following resolution will shortly be introduced in the House of Representatives:

Resolved, That the Judiciary Committee be directed to inquire whether any citizen of the United States has been deprived of his rights or liberties under the Constitution by the arbitrary and illegal issue of injunctions by judges of State courts in the State of New York, and that said Committee have power to send for persons and papers.

Governor Hoffman, in his message of last January, had already directed attention to the unseemly conflicts of jurisdiction which had grown out of the reckless abuse of injunctions, and had suggested to the Legislature that it would be for the public good if the discretion of the judges in the matter of granting injunctions and appointing receivers on *ex parte* applications were substantially abridged.

And the bar, which is by a large section of the people held responsible for the shortcomings of the bench, has organized itself into a society, under the lead of its most distinguished members, and proposes, as we understand, to endeavor, by concert of action among themselves, to eradicate at least some of the abuses which have latterly brought the administration of justice into disrepute in this city. 'Tis said that the rolls of the society already contain the name of almost every leading and respectable lawyer, of both parties, at the New York bar. Such a body, acting in the public interest, and fortified by the moral support of every honest man in the community, ought to be quite able to cope with corrupt judges, however cunning, and to restore somewhat of the old respect people used to feel for courts of law.

It is time. Rightly or wrongly, the general distrust of the judiciary in this city had reached a point which endangered the first conditions of orderly society. Rightly or wrongly, a certain number of judges had come to be suspected of receiving bribes from litigants. Rightly or wrongly, the judges of at least two of the courts of original jurisdiction in this city had been classified by the bar and the public into two classes: first, judges who were honest, and before whom it was safe to try a case; and, second, judges who were dishonest, and before whom it was unsafe to try a case in which the Tammany Ring, or any of its leaders, or any person of wealth was concerned. We say—rightly or wrongly—for though the public belief on this subject is so general as to constitute "public notoriety," yet still it is due to the judges to say that nothing has yet been proved against any of them, and like other men they must be presumed to be innocent until their guilt has been duly established by regular process of law.

Senator Murphy, acting on the Governor's suggestions, has introduced a bill into the State Legislature forbidding judges from issuing injunctions in cases where corporations are concerned, or from appointing receivers for corporations without at least six days' notice to the corporation affected by the proceeding. This is well, as far as it goes. A vast amount of mischief has been done by the appointment of receivers and the issue of injunctions against corporations on *ex parte* applications, made very often with fraudulent intent. It has always been claimed, for instance, that the debt on which the Gold Exchange Bank was thrown into the hands of a receiver in September last had actually been paid by the bank at the time the receiver was appointed. The receiver nevertheless entered into possession, and it cost the bank $75,000 to get rid of him. A still more flagrant case has been reported in which a foreign insurance company was thrown into the hands of a receiver, and held for ransom, like a prisoner in the hands of brigands, though the Superintendent of the Insurance Department took the trouble to certify to the court that there were no grounds for the proceeding. The company, after vainly struggling against the black-mailers, found it cheaper at last to pay the ransom demanded. Senator Murphy's bill would give corporations whom it was sought to plunder a week's notice of the attempt, during which they might remove their assets out of the reach of courts in collusion with the plunderers.

But it would not touch the root of the evil, nor would it relieve individual citizens from the wrongs which are being daily perpetrated in the shape of injunctions. It is a common practice now for a defendant who fears he will lose his case to obtain from a friendly judge an injunction forbidding the plaintiff to proceed with his suit. The injunction stops all proceedings. The party enjoined is compelled to employ a lawyer to appear for him in the injunction case, and to move to dissolve the injunction. Days, often weeks, elapse before he can be heard on the application. After the hearing, the judge "reserves his decision." There is no limit of time to this "reservation." In a very important injunction case, which was argued only in October last before a Supreme Court judge, no decision has yet been rendered. In the mean time the defendant may be secreting or squandering his property; and by the time the injunction has been dissolved, the proceedings in the original case resumed, and judgment obtained, the plaintiff may discover that his debtor, who was abundantly responsible when his suit was commenced, has now no property upon which execution can be levied.

We have before us two injunctions issued by judges of the Supreme Court, the first on the 29th December last, the other on the 24th January. Both were issued to prevent a creditor from prosecuting his claims against his debtors. In the first the defendants (that is to say, the creditors) are ordered to "refrain from taking any proceedings on or in relation to their pretended claims except in this action"—in which action they, being defendants, can not well attempt to sue their debtor. In the second injunction the defendants (that is to say, the creditors) are ordered to "refrain from taking, or attempting to take, any proceeding or proceedings on or in relation to their pretended claim or claims, except in this action, until the further order of this court; and in case of disobedience to this order you (*i. e.*, the creditors) will be liable to the punishment prescribed by law."

The effect of the injunctions in these cases is to tie the parties enjoined hand and foot. They may have undoubted claims, which no jury could deny and no court fail to enforce; they can not prosecute them until the injunctions are dissolved. They may see their debtor secreting or squandering the property in dispute; they can not help themselves. Under shelter of the injunction the debtor is master of the situation. He can rely upon several weeks' or months' delay; for a judge so friendly as to issue such injunction might be relied upon to "pocket the papers" for a term or two, even if he proposes to dissolve the injunction afterward. The party enjoined is as absolutely without a remedy as a poor traveler in the Abruzzi who falls into the hands of Neapolitan brigands.

No such state of things as this can exist without very grave consequences. It is of the essence of civilized society that the avenues of justice should ever stand open to the citizen. From the hour they are closed decay and decline begin. Foreign capital, as the Chamber of Commerce was told the other day by the agent of the Atlantic and Great Western bondholders, is already being withdrawn from enterprises which are within the control of certain of our courts. Negotiations are already on foot for the transfer of important corporations from New York to New Jersey, in which State the judiciary enjoys a high reputation for integrity. And hardly a week passes without some talk, more or less serious, about Vigilance Committees—talk which, after the experience of the past few years at the West, it will not do to pronounce utterly idle. If scenes of anarchy are to be avoided, if New York is to retain its pre-eminence as the commercial metropolis of the country, if foreign capital is to be retained here, something must be done to prevent, in the future, the unseemly abuses of power into which certain of our State judges have been betrayed in the past.

Mr. DAWES AND GENERAL BUTLER.

Could not honorable gentlemen in Congress conduct their arguments upon public questions without aspersing the motives of their colleagues and opponents? The other day Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, Chairman of the Committee upon Appropriations, made a speech in which he deprecated what he considered the extravagant estimates of the Departments. He reminded his party friends that they had come into power under promises of economy; but that they were in danger of exceeding the extravagance of Andrew Johnson's Administration. Certainly, if it be true, it is very necessary that the party should understand it, and it is very desirable for the party that the extravagance should be checked by its own action, instead of being left as a weapon for the enemy. And undoubtedly Mr. Dawes, who is a sagacious party man, had satisfied himself that no private remonstrance would avail, and that the only method of staying the danger was by a public exposure and protest.

This may have been a mistake. But those who thought so should not have made a greater mistake as a correction of that of Mr. Dawes. If he had failed in not remonstrating with the Departments privately, did his opponents gain by remonstrating with him publicly? The proper course seems to have been plain. From a party point of view merely, either Mr. Dawes should have been sustained, and the party have shown its regard for economy, or the inaccuracy of his statements should have been clearly exposed. But a totally different course was adopted. Mr. Scofield, of Pennsylvania, Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, who reported the bill for the removal of the Philadelphia Navy-Yard to League Island, began by saying that Mr. Garfield, of Ohio, and Mr. Washburne, of Wisconsin, seemed especially interested in the retrenchment speech of Mr. Dawes. Yet Mr. Garfield had obtained $3000 to entertain some festive bankers of New York, and Mr. Washburne had obtained an appropriation of $200,000 for the Rock Island rapids. As for Mr. Dawes, that gentleman had a grudge against the Pennsylvania members because they did not vote for him for Speaker! Mr. Dawes, of course, instantly asked whether Mr. Scofield thought that he had been influenced by that consideration in what he had said or done in the House. To which, after some hesitation, Mr. Scofield answered that, considering every thing, "the conviction was almost forced upon my mind that perhaps the insinuation might have some foundation."

But it was reserved for General Butler to make the chief assault upon Mr. Dawes. He disputed the accuracy of his statements, and appealed to proofs. This was legitimate. But he then proceeded to charge Mr. Dawes with recreancy to the Republican party, and with attempting to destroy it. The General learned immediately, however, that the whip whose crack was so contemptuously disregarded two years ago by Mr. Fessenden had no terrors for Mr. Dawes this year. There was never a more conclusive and terrible retort in Congress than the quiet observation of Mr. Dawes: "The people of Massachusetts know my colleague, and they know me." The comedy of General Butler disciplining Henry L. Dawes as a Republican is exquisite. As a leader of the party, General Butler will doubtless acknowledge his own failure. He aspires to succeed Mr. Thaddeus Stevens in the leadership of the House, and Mr. Henry Wilson as a Senator. But he ought to remember that Mr. Stevens and Mr. Wilson were Republicans upon the profoundest conviction, and that they had always the sympathy of the great mass of their party. Besides, as Mr. Dawes said, President Grant is "a man whose polar star in the administration of affairs is economy." When, therefore, General Butler as a leader undertook to answer Mr. Dawes, it was plainly his part to show that the estimates showed a desire and a resolution to reduce the expenditures. If they did not, it was the duty of the party, as it was the President's desire, that the extravagance should be arrested.

The mere allegation of selfish motives is not only not an argument against an opponent, but it is a very strong argument against the cause of the person who makes the charge. The public asks, Were the facts stated by Mr. Dawes incorrect? And Mr. Scofield answers that Mr. Dawes is opposed to spending money in Pennsylvania, because the Pennsylvania members did not vote for him as Speaker, and General Butler says that Mr. Dawes is trying to destroy the Republican party. If these are the answers, the presumption is that the statement of Mr. Dawes is correct. Meanwhile it is pleasant to know that General Grant had assured Mr Dawes, before his speech, that his influence should be directed to a reduction of the estimates. Nobody would have doubted it, if some of the Republicans had not insisted that to point out a tendency to extravagance in the estimates was to accuse the President. And we ask again, which is the true policy for a party that finds itself drifting into great expenditures—to stop them, or to allow them to go on until they overthrow the party? If Democratic approval be the test of bad Republican management, there is no doubt that the Democratic party would hail the adoption of the latter course by their opponents.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC LAITY AND CLERGY.

A Roman Catholic correspondent of the *Tribune* in Louisiana writes that more than four-fifths of the members of his Church are in favor of the public schools, and will gladly support them if they are made unsectarian by the removal of the Protestant version of the Bible as a text-book. He adds that the sectarian schools of his Church would not be as good for secular education as the present common schools, and that he knows no precept of his faith which requires him to give to the clergy the control of the secular education of his children. Indeed, he declares warmly that "the Catholic clergy are not the masters of Catholics in America."

How will this correspondent dispose of the fact that the Pope in his Syllabus strongly insists that the clergy must control the schools, and that the clergy, as we showed last week from the speech of the Rev. Mr. Preston, heartily agree with the Pope? That the clergy every where endeavor to obtain the control the correspondent does not deny. Indeed, in his letter he says, "the Catholic clergy give very little countenance and encouragement to lay Catholic teachers." They strive to monopolize the care of the child from his birth, and to mould him at their discretion. And they logically declare that, as all education ought to be what they call religious—meaning Roman Catholic—no member of that Church can conscientiously allow his children to frequent schools which are not controlled by the clergy.

Here is a direct issue between the Louisiana layman and the final authorities of his Church; and nobody can doubt which will carry the day. It is useless to say that secular education does not belong to the functions of the priesthood. Those functions are not determined by the laity, but by the priests themselves. The Louisiana layman may incline to doubt the infallibility of the Pope; but he has no voice upon the subject. When the higher priesthood has declared the infallibility, the layman must submit, or cease to be a Roman Catholic by denying the fundamental principle of the Church, namely, that it is the depository and expositor of the truth. If the Œcumenical Council proclaims the dogma of infallibility, and confirms the Syllabus in which the authority declared infallible has already announced its opinions upon the subject of education, what will the correspondent do? The infallible Pope condemns all schools which are not controlled by the clergy. The clergy demand that their congregations shall withdraw the children from the public schools. Does the Louisiana correspondent think that four-fifths of the laity would refuse?

Of course we have no right upon our own principles to do any thing in the schools of which the adherents of any sect can justly complain as sectarian. Our duty is to devote the schools strictly to the purpose for which they are founded and for which the people are taxed. They are state schools; and the church in this country being expressly and absolutely separated from the state, it is a general wrong to tolerate any sectarian taint in the schools. If the correspondent really spoke for the mass of his fellow-believers the question would be very manageable. But it is not he, it is the Pope and the Rev. Mr. PRESTON who represent the wishes and the policy of the leaders of his Church.

SPRING TRADE.

WINTER goods have been for some time removed from the shelves of importers, and those for spring have taken their place; but trade is dull in all departments of business. A few purchasers from the South and from California have appeared in the market; but the temptation of new and attractive styles presents no sufficient inducement for activity.

The foreign manufacturer is subjected to competition in dress goods which bids fair to diminish, from year to year, the extent of the importation. Establishments near Philadelphia and in Massachusetts show great strides in this production. It is to be hoped that we may ultimately supply the wants of the most refined in taste, and relieve the country of the load, in foreign importation, which it must now carry. The advances of our manufacturers are rapid and important.

In fancy cassimeres, for spring and summer wear, the domestic production is large and superior. Instead of importing many cases of a particular kind, as heretofore, a single case of foreign make is all that in many instances is required by one house. The complaint, which used to be quite general, that the oil was not thoroughly expelled from the domestic wool, is seldom made; and it may be said of this manufacture, that we have reached the point which renders foreign competition no longer embarrassing. We hope that it may be a matter of pride to every American to use the cassimeres of this country. In the finest broadcloths, owing to the want of the most appropriate descriptions of wools, we are far behind the French, English, and German manufacturers; but the active competition in the coarser fabrics, which is going on in the United States, will compel those whose means permit to advance to determined competition with the foreigner in the best products. In a few years wc shall unquestionably reach the required distinction, if the tariff on wools shall be adjusted to the necessities of the case.

In cotton shirtings our manufacturers are unsurpassed. The cloth known as "New York Mills" is not excelled any where, and if it were not for the fact that the English, by using all the kinds of cotton produced in the world—mixing the cheap with the good in their fabrics, to which, notwithstanding the mixture, they communicate a good appearance—this article could be sent to their markets with success. Its high character is due to uniformity and excellence in the raw material, to the employment of the most skillful spinners and weavers, to the use of the best machinery, and to long experience in its manufacture. The product of many mills is very nearly equal to it, and, at all events, so good that we need no longer look to foreign supplies. The shirting known as French Percale is still imported in small quantities. The warp and the weft are what is called square, whereas in American shirtings the weft is frequently lighter than the warp; but this is being constantly remedied.

Our readers would scarcely suppose that very large quantities of shirtings and sheetings, manufactured in the South, are distributed from this point, and even to Southern merchants. This results from the greater abundance of capital in the North, and from the necessity on the part of Southern manufacturers of availing themselves of this supply. Goods manufactured in Georgia are sent from our warehouses to that State for consumption. The improvement which is rapidly going on in this industry in the South will compel the Northern manufacturer to advance in skill in the finest fabrics. In the coarser articles of wear the South and West will presently be liberated from dependence on the North and East. On the slopes of the great mountain chain water-power is abundant in all the Southern States which lie contiguous to it; and as the raw material is convenient, and capital is becoming abundant, it will be easy to furnish the cotton goods they require.

So far as concerns imported goods, they have been obtained from abroad and entered at the Custom-house, with the advantage of a low price for gold—lower probably than will continue through the season; and it would seem, as the crops have been large, that the conditions for an active trade exist. But the West is embarrassed by the inability to sell its grain at prices which remunerate, and it is feared that Western merchants will purchase sparingly. The South, however, is stronger than it has been at any time since the war, and a considerable trade is expected from the Pacific States, due in part to the opening of the road to California.

The embarrassment in trade, which is felt in all quarters, is mainly artificial, and arises from apprehensions connected with the currency. It is probable that legal-tenders have been hoarded largely—particularly in the South—in the expectation that a return to specie payments was at hand, and for the convenient prosecution of business. It is supposed, also, that this description of money, which constitutes at present the base of our monetary system, is intentionally kept from the large money centres, in order to force out of Congress an additional creation of banking capital. The argument is widely pressed that the apparent scarcity of greenbacks shows that they have been scattered over the Union, as the result of the enlarged business of the country, and that additions to the quantity are now required.

It is one of the unfortunate tendencies of a paper system that it never satisfies, and that more and more of it is ever required. If its quantity shall be augmented, only temporary relief will be afforded, to be repeated as a larger volume of indebtedness is created, and new speculations are set on foot. Notwithstanding great improvements in our manufacturing industry, we are now importing all descriptions of merchandise in excessive quantities, and are running up a debt abroad much beyond our capacity for payment. Buyers who have returned from Europe report that there is greater moderation in placing orders; but they unite in the testimony that this fact will promote consignments from foreign manufacturers. The goods of the latter have been extensively slaughtered since the raid in Wall Street in September; and their new consignments, if large, can scarcely escape the same fate.

What the country wants is a system of finance which shall discourage the tendency to live by speculation and extravagantly, and induce a more general regard for regular industry. We must reverse positions with the foreigner, and produce exports beyond the value of imports. This will be effected not by the creation of new banking capital, but by the lopping off—*carefully and by degrees*—our paper issues.

Every bank created adds to the forces against a return to specie payments. The 1620 now in active operation constitute in their managers, their stockholders, and their debtors, a power which ought not to be increased. If their forces shall be strengthened by the two hundred and thirty new banks, which the proposed forty-five millions of additional banking capital will permit, the influences against a return to specie payments will be made predominant.

The depreciation lately witnessed in the exchangeable value of nearly every product of our industry has been borne with forbearance, because it was supposed that our finances were about to be established on a solid footing. The time is therefore propitious for this needed step, by which the country shall be placed in the only road to true and solid prosperity.

LET US HAVE FAIR PLAY.

THE debate upon the recommendations of the Committee of Ways and Means, in regard to the tariff, is one of the most vital that will engage the attention of the country. There is such a sharp conflict of individual interests that the general welfare is in danger of being overlooked. In revising the tariff, the great point that should be held steadily in view is fair play for American industry and enterprise, by the wisest distribution of the burden of taxation which our debt and the necessary expenses of the government impose upon the people, and which the people are willing honestly to pay. It is generally agreed that the present system is intricate, awkward, extravagant, and consequently oppressive. We propose to show its operation in one vital department of industry.

The book manufacture is necessarily a complicated one. Every thing that is essential to it is enormously taxed. Indeed, it pays, in its various branches, not less than forty taxes. What is the result? Nothing is more difficult to determine than the market value of a book. The editorial skill and labor, the number of the edition printed, or remaining unsold, may make the greatest difference in value between books which apparently represent exactly the same labor, and which, externally, are precisely alike. Thus the temptation of the foreign manufacturer is very powerful to invoice his books at almost a nominal value, while, from the nature of the case, it is very difficult to prove the undervaluation.

For example, a desirable book may be made in London and invoiced at four shillings sterling. Other charges may advance the expenses to one dollar and twenty-seven cents in gold. The book could be profitably made in this country, and with a bonus to the author, at a selling price of from three and a half to four dollars. The importer, however, puts it upon the market at six dollars and controls the sale, because the domestic manufacturer knows that, should he make the book, the importer would drop the price, if necessary, to two dollars. The foreign author is thus deprived of any chance of sharing in the sale, and the American reader, of course, is compelled to pay an enormous price. The circulation of a valuable book is limited by the clumsy device of an *ad valorem* duty of twenty-five per cent., and the American publisher prevented from issuing it cheaply for general reading.

As it is impossible that an *ad valorem* duty can be fairly enforced, the remedy is a specific duty to prevent the evil results to the American reader which we have indicated. And a duty of this kind, determined by actual weight, say twenty-five cents per pound, would be merely fair. This is a simple system, which prevents evasive importation, and in which foul play at the Custom-house is not probable. To weigh books is easy; but to determine their intrinsic value is a task requiring a special cultivation, which can not be presumed in officers of the Customs. Works of science and scholarship will not feel the change, or will feel it favorably for the American student, while a careful analysis of figures shows that a duty of twenty-five cents per pound upon popular works for general circulation is scarcely as high as an *ad valorem* duty of twenty-five *per cent.* fairly administered.

If the other confusions and injustices of the tariff are as obvious upon a little examination, and as remediable as that which we have described, we may hope, from a reasonable Congress, for measures which will tend to remove the reproach that our system is both cumbrous and wasteful, unfair to American industry and hostile to American education.

ALARMING WASTE OF THE PUBLIC PROPERTY.

DR. LIEBER, Chairman of the Committee of the Union League Club on the appropriation of public money to sectarian purposes, has made a report which deserves the most careful attention. The laws of 1869 appropriate an amount equal to twenty per cent. of the excise moneys received in the city, to be annually distributed for the support of schools educating children who can not be accommodated in the public schools. The truth is that there are no such children, because all can be accommodated in the public schools. The report of the special committee of the Board of Education for the last year shows that the average number of vacant seats in the schools is more than 39,000. At the time of this distribution we called attention to the blow that it struck at the common-school system. That was its object. It was to accustom the public mind to the diversion of the public money for sectarian purposes, preparatory to the effort to destroy the whole unsectarian system.

The Committee state that the donations from the public treasury of the city of New York to religious sects amounted, during the year 1869, to more than $500,000, of which sum a single sect received more than $400,000; and that sect of course comprises the smallest number of tax-payers. In 1866, for one dollar, the city government gave to the archbishop of this sect a lot of land in the most desirable part of the city, which is now worth $200,000. In 1852 it gave the same sect a whole block of ground for $83 32, by changing a lease into a fee; and in 1864 paid the sect $24,000 for the privilege of opening Madison Avenue through this block, and gave the same sect $8928 84, to pay its share of the expense of opening. The value of the real estate thus given is now at least $1,500,000. In 1846, for one dollar, the same sect was presented with part of another block; and in 1857, for an annual rent of one dollar, with the rest of the lot, now worth at least another million and a half of dollars. The city government has thus given $3,200,000 worth of real estate to a single sect for sectarian purposes.

Every sect in the city had an equal right to similar donations, but no other has received such. And these gifts of the public property have been made as bribes by a political party. Here, in the city, the facts are understood. The control of the city government is in the hands of the leaders of the Democratic party. The mass of the Roman Catholics of the city are Irish; and to retain the Irish in the Democratic party, and to propitiate the favor of the Roman Catholic priesthood, the property of the people is squandered. With the people, of course, lies the remedy. Governor HOFFMAN's "honest Legislature," with its Tammany managers, is as likely to repeal the law of last year as it is to adopt any other measure of economy, or to declare for any other form of equal rights. Indeed, the power that has done these things in the city now controls unchallenged the legislation of the State; and those who support it not only support this wanton waste of the public property, but encourage the fatal blow that the same power aims at the free schools, the very citadel of American institutions.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 24.—In the Senate, the credentials of Mr. Morrill, of Maine, re-elected for the late Mr. Fessenden's unexpired term, were presented. Mr. Sherman's bill to provide a national currency of coin and notes, and to equalize the distribution of notes, was discussed at length, but no action was taken.—In the House, the Senate Virginia bill was adopted, after a warm personal discussion, in which General Butler took a leading part, reviewing with great severity the course of Mr. Bingham and Mr. Farnsworth in regard to reconstruction. Mr. Farnsworth replied very sharply.

January 25.—In the Senate, Mr. Sherman, from the Finance Committee, reported a substitute for the House bill relating to the income tax of 1870, which provides for amending the act of 1864, so that the duties on incomes, dividends, and salaries imposed by sections of the act, 116 to 123 inclusive, shall continue for and during the entire year of 1870, and no longer, and those taxes not paid, or payable in that year, shall be collected in 1871.—No business of importance was transacted in the House.

January 26.—In the Senate, the credentials of Mr. Howell of Iowa, elected to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Mr. Grimes, were presented. Among the petitions presented was one signed by 3200 citizens of New York in favor of woman suffrage.—In the House, General Butler replied to the speech of Mr. Dawes on retrenchment. He declared that the figures given by Mr. Dawes were not correct, and that economy was practiced in all the departments. Another debate occurred on the bill transferring the Navy-yard at Philadelphia to League Island, and the bill was finally tabled.

January 27.—In the Senate, the House joint resolution to prohibit the giving of presents to persons in office was passed. The credentials of the Senators elect from Virginia were read, and one of them, Mr. Lewis, appeared, and took the oath of office.—In the House, several members of the Virginia delegation were sworn in and took their seats. Mr. Farnsworth reported a bill for the total abolition of the franking privilege, to take effect July 1. The bill was immediately put upon its passage, and after an hour's debate passed by a vote of 174 to 14.

January 28.—In the Senate, Mr. J. W. Johnson was admitted as Senator from Virginia. Mr. Sumner introduced a joint resolution directing the payment of bounties to colored soldiers and sailors regardless of a former condition of servitude.—In the House, a bill was reported to abolish the office of Public Printer, and to provide for the election of a Superintendent of Public Printing, on a salary of $4000 a year. Bills were introduced to organize the Territory of Lincoln; to consolidate the Indian tribes under one Territorial Government; and to provide a Territorial Government for the District of Columbia.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Very little business of importance has yet been transacted in the New York Legislature. In the Assembly, January 24, a resolution was introduced instructing Congressional representatives to use their influence for the passage of a bill to reimburse parties drafted during the war, and who furnished substitutes or paid their commutage. It was laid on the table.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced to prohibit the passage of steamboats below Corlaer's Point, New York.

The California Senate, by a vote of 23 to 8, has refused to ratify the Fifteenth Amendment. Seven Senators were absent.

The leader of the Red River insurgents asserts that he is not in favor of annexation to the United States, and that it is not too late for the Canadian Government to come to an agreement with them, and thus settle the difficulty.

A report has been made to the State Department by the American Consul at Hamilton, Canada, on the condition and treatment of the Indians by the Canadian authorities, from which it appears that the reservation system has been successful there, and that the savages are rapidly progressing in civilization.

On the 29th of January Mr. William Townsend, a quiet and inoffensive man, was murdered in his own store in Hudson Street, New York city, by "Jack Reynolds," who is well known to the police as a criminal. The murderer was immediately arrested. He expresses no fear, as, to use his own words, he thinks "hanging for murder is played out in New York."

Mr. Coppin, ex-Mayor of San Francisco, the other day slapped Senator Belge, of that city, in the face, and was challenged. The anticipated duel was avoided by an apology, the slap having been given under "a misapprehension of facts."

FOREIGN NEWS.

IT is reported that the Œcumenical Council may be dissolved finally about Easter, owing to the unhealthy nature of the climate of Rome. The Pope, although suffering from a cold, presides daily at the sessions of the Council. A report that his Holiness was dead turns out to be unfounded. It is reported that the Papal authorities have forbidden the publication of a letter of the Archbishop of Maline, in which he is supposed to commit himself against infallibility. The protest of Cardinal Rauscher against the dogma, which is to be presented to the Pope, has been printed in the Bavarian newspapers. The Pope has sent the Archbishop of Algiers to Paris to learn the real sentiments of the Emperor in regard to the matter.

An exciting debate has taken place in the French Senate on the question of renewing the Anglo-French commercial treaty which expires this month. M. Thiers denounced the Ministry, and called on the majority to overthrow them. A vote on the question showed that the Government was very strong, being sustained by 201 against 32.

A proposition to exclude the House of Bourbon from the Spanish throne has been rejected in the Cortes, after a very animated debate.

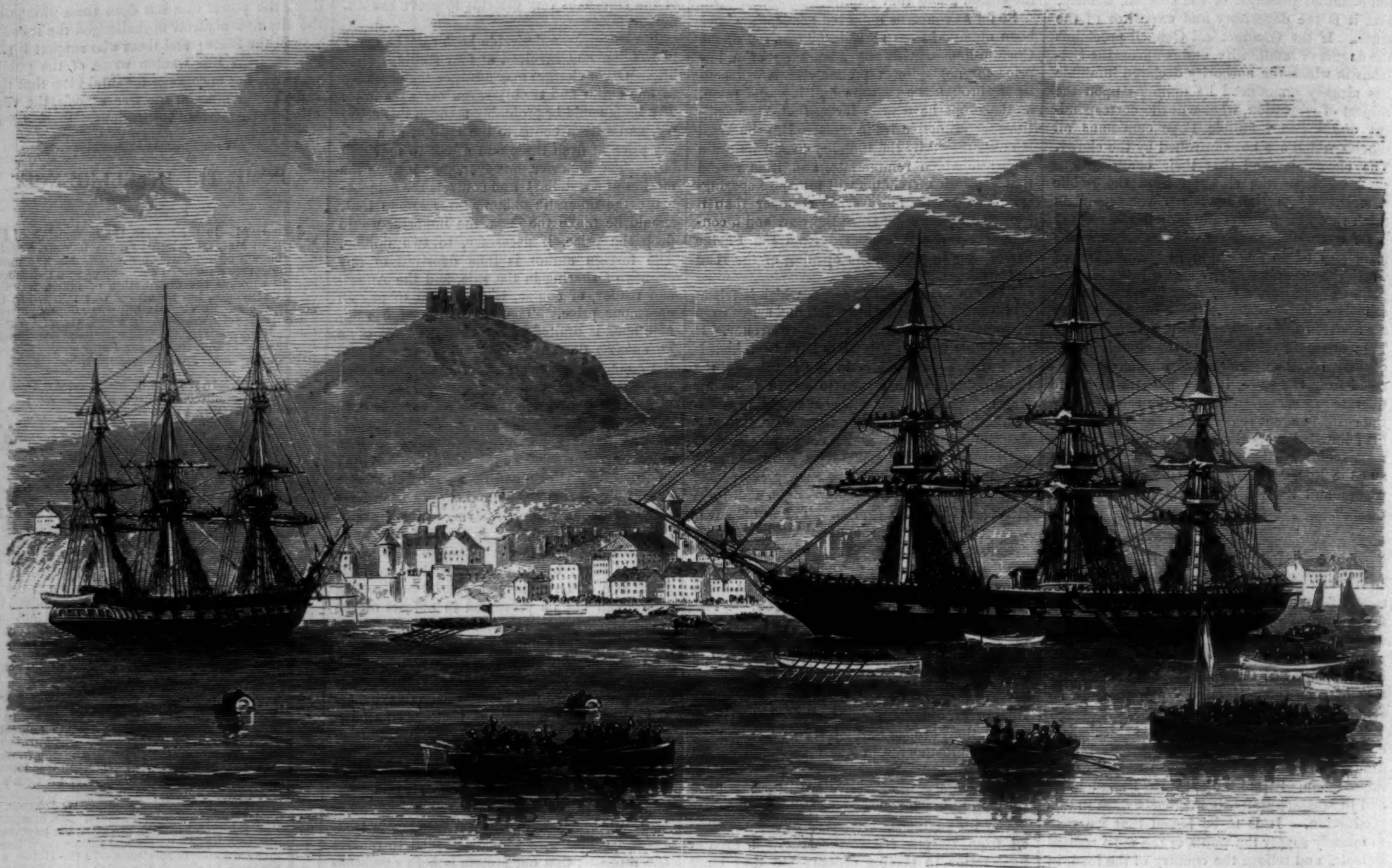
The land of the late Mr. Peabody recently seized in England has been released.

Three thousand cotton spinners in Wigan, Lancashire, are on a strike.

Two reports reach us concerning a battle near Guimaro, the capital of the Cuban insurgents. According to Spanish accounts, General Puello has defeated the insurgents in a decisive battle, and captured their capital. According to Cuban accounts, General Puello has suffered a severe defeat, by which the Spanish power in the island is broken.

The second flotilla of Spanish gun-boats, built at New York, has arrived in Cuban waters. The gun-boat "No. 3" ran on the Colorado Reefs, and went to pieces. The crew were all saved.

The career of Salnave, Ex-President of Hayti, has come to a tragic termination. He was captured on the 8th of January, while endeavoring to cut his way through the enemy, and on the 15th was tried at Port-au-Prince, before a revolutionary tribunal, as traitor and usurper, and condemned to be shot. The sentence was immediately carried into execution. After death his body was ignominiously buried among the graves of felons.



BOAT-RACE BETWEEN CREWS FROM THE FRIGATES "FRANKLIN" AND "SABINE," IN THE HARBOR OF VILLA FRANCA.—[SKETCHED BY W. R. MAY.]

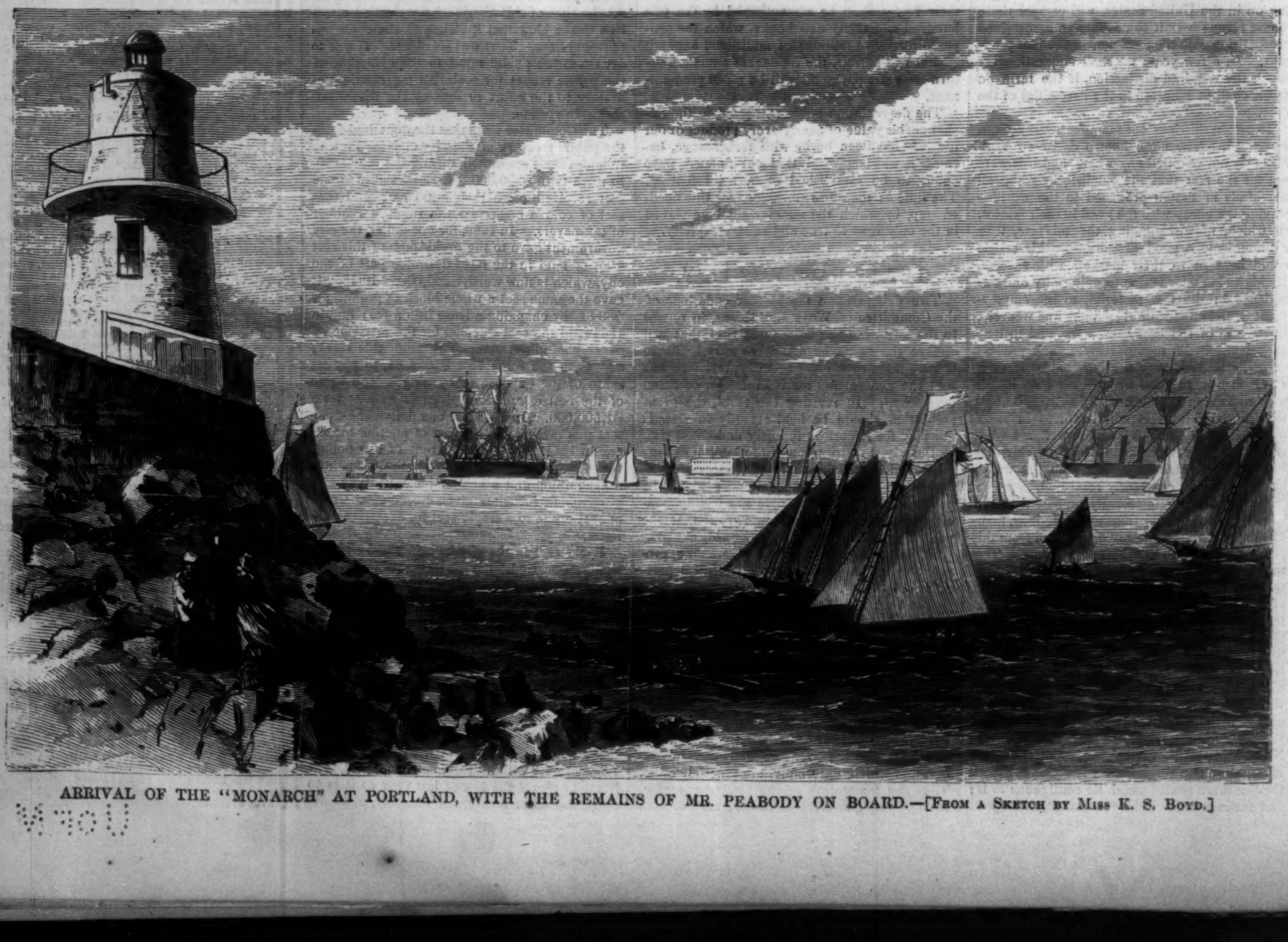
THE "MONARCH" IN PORTLAND HARBOR.

EARLY on the morning of the 26th of January the boom of distant cannon announced to the citizens of Portland the approach of the squadron that bore to this country the remains of GEORGE PEABODY. Soon after daylight the monitors *Miantonomoh* and *Terror* steamed out of the harbor to meet the funeral fleet. As they passed the *Monarch*, and took their stations in the rear, the *Plymouth* fired a salute, to which the monitors and Fort Preble replied. According to previous arrangement, the body lay in state on board the *Monarch* until Saturday noon, when it was landed with appropriate ceremonies. While the procession of boats was moving from the *Monarch* minute-guns were fired by the monitors and Fort Preble. Upon reaching the wharf the *cortége* of boats closed up in parallel lines, a sailor at the bow of each holding on to the stern of the boat ahead of him, as shown in our sketch on page 101; and in this position they remained until the casket containing the body had been put upon the wharf, and Admiral FARRAGUT and staff had sailed between the lines and stepped ashore. The casket was then taken under a large shed, where Governor CHAMBERLAIN, surrounded by his council, was in waiting to receive the remains, officially, on behalf of the State of Maine. Captain COMMERELL, of the *Monarch*, then formally delivered the body to the Governor, who received it in the name of the people.

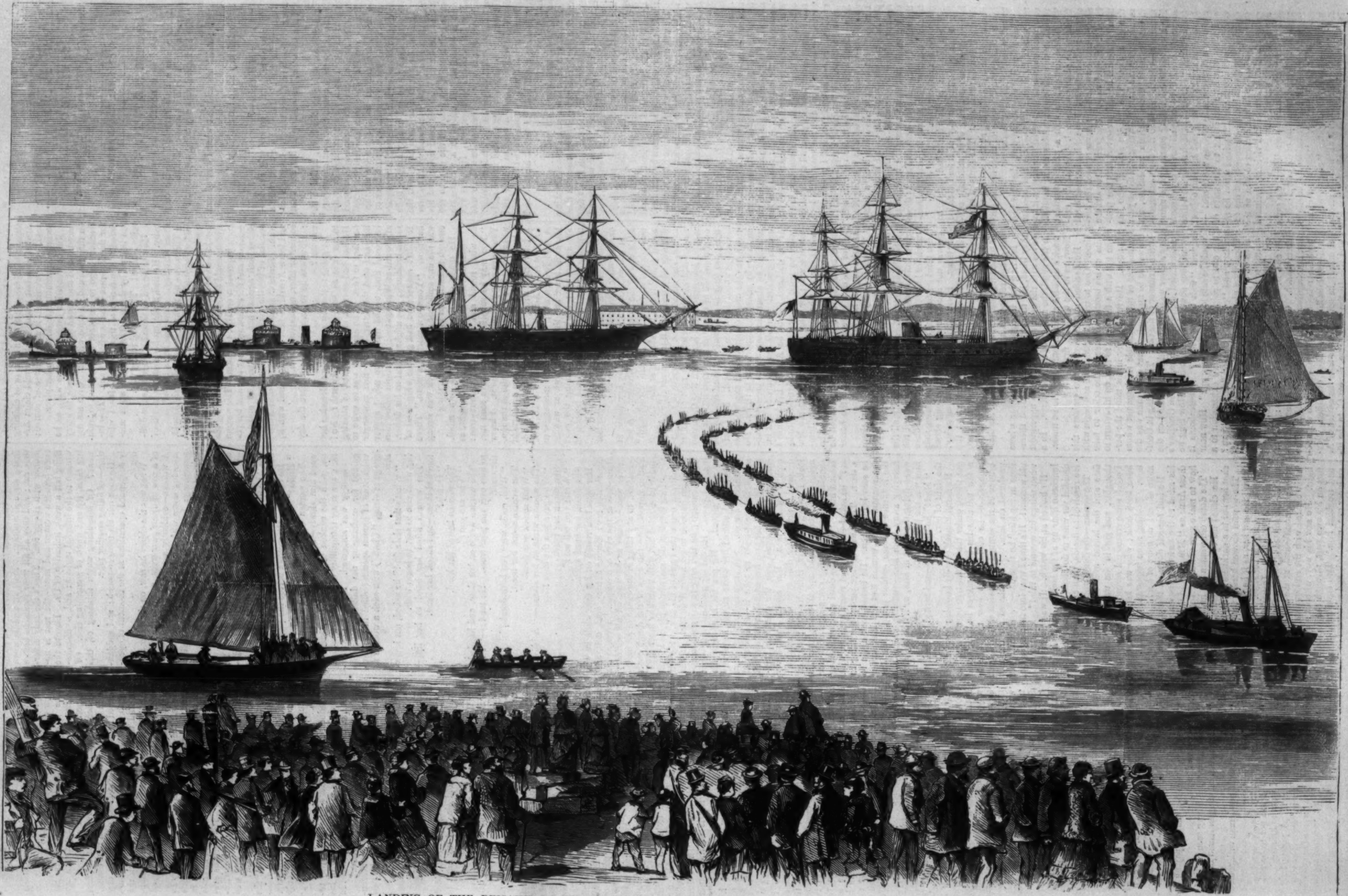
The body was then removed to the City Hall and placed in the chamber which had been especially prepared for its reception. The Hall remained closed until Monday morning, when it was opened till evening. On Tuesday, February 1, the body was removed from the Hall, after an impressive funeral ceremony, and taken to the Boston dépôt, escorted by a large procession, composed of several military companies, delegations from various societies and cities, and great numbers of private citizens, who were desirous of showing respect to the memory of the great philanthropist.

BOAT-RACE AT VILLA FRANCA.

WE give on this page an illustration of a spirited boat-race that took place on the 16th of last December, in the harbor of Villa Franca, between a crew from the *Sabine* and one from the *Franklin*, two frigates belonging to the United States fleet in European waters. The boat of the *Sabine* had already been victorious in one regatta, and had bluffed off another by the fame of its first exploit; and the crew believed themselves equal to any antagonist that could be brought against them. The *Franklin* boys were no less sanguine of their own superiority; and the two frigates chancing to lie side by side for some time, in the above-mentioned harbor, they challenged the *Sabine* crew to row a six-mile race for a purse of one hundred dollars. The challenge was accepted, and the race was rowed with great pluck and spirit on both sides. The result was the defeat of the *Sabine* crew, the *Franklin* boat rounding the second stake-boat forty-five seconds ahead. The contestants in this spirited race were pretty evenly matched; for though the *Franklin* boat pulled fourteen oars, while that of the *Sabine* pulled but twelve, this advantage was balanced by the larger size and greater weight of the former.



ARRIVAL OF THE "MONARCH" AT PORTLAND, WITH THE REMAINS OF MR. PEABODY ON BOARD.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MISS K. S. BOYD.]



LANDING OF THE REMAINS OF MR. PEABODY AT PORTLAND.—SKETCHED BY J. W. THYNG.—[SEE PAGE 100.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

DONE!

ARNOLD was a little surprised by the curt manner in which Geoffrey answered him.

"Has Sir Patrick said any thing unpleasant?" he asked.

"Sir Patrick has said just what I wanted him to say."

"No difficulty about the marriage?"

"None."

"No fear of Blanche—"

"She won't ask you to go to Craig Fernie—I'll answer for that!" He said the words with a strong emphasis on them, took his brother's letter from the table, snatched up his hat, and went out.

His friends, idling on the lawn, hailed him. He passed by them quickly without answering, without so much as a glance at them over his shoulder. Arriving at the rose-garden, he stopped and took out his pipe; then suddenly changed his mind, and turned back again by another path. There was no certainty, at that hour of the day, of his being left alone in the rose-garden. He had a fierce and hungry longing to be by himself; he felt as if he could have been the death of any body who came and spoke to him at that moment. With his head down and his brows knit heavily, he followed the path to see what it ended in. It ended in a wicket-gate which led into a kitchen-garden. Here he was well out of the way of interruption: there was nothing to attract visitors in the kitchen-garden. He went on to a walnut-tree planted in the middle of the inclosure, with a wooden bench and a broad strip of turf running round it. After first looking about him, he seated himself and lit his pipe.

"I wish it was done!" he said.

He sat, with his elbows on his knees, smoking and thinking. Before long the restlessness that had got possession of him forced him to his feet again. He rose, and paced round and round the strip of green-sward under the walnut-tree, like a wild beast in a cage.

What was the meaning of this disturbance in the inner man? Now that he had committed himself to the betrayal of the friend who had trusted and served him, was he torn by remorse?

He was no more torn by remorse than you are while your eye is passing over this sentence. He was simply in a raging fever of impatience to see himself safely landed at the end which he had in view.

Why should he feel remorse? All remorse springs, more or less directly, from the action of two sentiments, which are neither of them inbred in the natural man. The first of these sentiments is the product of the respect which we learn to feel for ourselves. The second is the product of the respect which we learn to feel for others. In their highest manifestations, these two feelings exalt themselves, until the first becomes the love of God, and the second the love of Man. I have injured you, and I repent of it when it is done. Why should I repent of it if I have gained something by it for my own self, and if you can't make me feel it by injuring Me? I repent of it, because there has been a sense put into me which tells me that I have sinned against Myself, and sinned against You. No such sense as that exists among the instincts of the natural man. And no such feelings as these troubled Geoffrey Delamayn; for Geoffrey Delamayn was the natural man.

When the idea of his scheme had sprung to life in his mind, the novelty of it had startled him—the enormous daring of it, suddenly self-revealed, had daunted him. The signs of emotion which he had betrayed at the writing-table in the library were the signs of mere mental perturbation, and of nothing more.

That first vivid impression past, the idea had made itself familiar to him. He had become composed enough to see such difficulties as it involved, and such consequences as it implied. These had fretted him with a passing trouble; for these he plainly discerned. As for the cruelty and the treachery of the thing he meditated doing—that consideration never crossed the limits of his mental view. His position toward the man whose life he had preserved was the position of a dog. The "noble animal" who has saved you or me from drowning will fly at your throat or mine, under certain conditions, ten minutes afterward. Add to the dog's unreasoning instinct the calculating cunning of a man; suppose yourself to be in a position to say of some trifling thing, "Curious! at such and such a time I happened to pick up such and such an object; and now it turns out to be of some use to me!"—and there you have an index to the state of Geoffrey's feeling toward his friend when he recalled the past or when he contemplated the future. When Arnold had spoken to him at the critical moment, Arnold had violently irritated him; and that was all.

The same impenetrable insensibility, the same primitively natural condition of the moral being, prevented him from being troubled by the slightest sense of pity for Anne. "She's out of my way!" was his first thought. "She's provided for, without any trouble to Me!" was his second. He was not in the least uneasy about her. Not the slightest doubt crossed his mind that, when once she had realized her own situation, when once she saw herself placed between the two alternatives of facing her own ruin or of claiming Arnold as a last resource, she would claim Arnold. She would do it as a matter of course; because *he* would have done it in her place.

But he wanted it over. He was wild, as he paced round and round the walnut-tree, to hurry on the crisis and be done with it. Give me my freedom to go to the other woman, and to train for the foot-race—that's what I want. *They* injured? Confusion to them both! It's I who am injured by them. They are the worst enemies I have! They stand in my way.

How to be rid of them? There was the difficulty. He had made up his mind to be rid of them that day. How was he to begin?

There was no picking a quarrel with Arnold, and so beginning with *him*. This course of proceeding, in Arnold's position toward Blanche, would lead to a scandal at the outset—a scandal which would stand in the way of his making the right impression on Mrs. Glenarm. The woman—lonely and friendless, with her sex and her position both against her if *she* tried to make a scandal of it—the woman was the one to begin with. Settle it at once and forever with Anne; and leave Arnold to hear of it and deal with it, sooner or later, no matter which.

How was he to break it to her before the day was out?

By going to the inn and openly addressing her to her face as Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth? No! He had had enough, at Windygates, of meeting her face to face. The easy way was to write to her, and send the letter, by the first messenger he could find, to the inn. She might appear afterward at Windygates; she might follow him to his brother's; she might appeal to his father. It didn't matter; he had got the whip-hand of her now. "You are a married woman." There was the one sufficient answer, which was strong enough to back him in denying any thing!

He made out the letter in his own mind. "Something like this would do," he thought, as he went round and round the walnut-tree: "You may be surprised not to have seen me. You have only yourself to thank for it. I know what took place between you and him at the inn. I have had a lawyer's advice. You are Arnold Brinkworth's wife. I wish you joy, and good-by forever." Address those lines: "To Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth;" instruct the messenger to leave the letter late that night, without waiting for an answer; start the first thing the next morning for his brother's house; and behold, it was done!

But even here there was an obstacle—one last exasperating obstacle—still in the way.

If she was known at the inn by any name at all, it was by the name of Mrs. Silvester. A letter addressed to "Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth" would probably not be taken in at the door; or if it was admitted, and if it was actually offered to her, she might decline to receive it, as a letter not addressed to herself. A man of readier mental resources would have seen that the name on the outside of the letter mattered little or nothing, so long as the contents were read by the person to whom they were addressed. But Geoffrey's was the order of mind which expresses disturbance by attaching importance to trifles. He attached an absurd importance to preserving absolute consistency in his letter, outside and in. If he declared her to be Arnold Brinkworth's wife, he must direct to her as Arnold Brinkworth's wife; or who could tell what the law might say, or what scrape he might not get himself into by a mere scratch of the pen! The more he thought of it, the more persuaded he felt of his own cleverness here, and the hotter and the angrier he grew.

There is a way out of every thing. And there was surely a way out of this, if he could only see it.

He failed to see it. After dealing with all the great difficulties, the small difficulty proved too much for him. It struck him that he might have been thinking too long about it—considering that he was not accustomed to thinking long about any thing. Besides, his head was getting giddy, with going mechanically round and round the tree. He irritably turned his back on the tree, and struck into another path: resolved to think of something else, and then to return to his difficulty, and see it with a new eye.

Leaving his thoughts free to wander where they liked, his thoughts naturally busied themselves with the next subject that was uppermost in his mind, the subject of the Foot-Race. In a week's time his arrangements ought to be made. Now, as to the training, first.

He decided on employing two trainers this time. One to travel to Scotland, and begin with him at his brother's house. The other to take him up, with a fresh eye to him, on his return to London. He turned over in his mind the performances of the formidable rival against whom he was to be matched. That other man was the swiftest runner of the two. The betting in Geoffrey's favor was betting which calculated on the unparalleled length of the race, and on Geoffrey's prodigious powers of endurance. How long he should "wait on" the man? Whereabouts it would be safe to "pick the man up?" How near the end to calculate the man's exhaustion to a nicety, and "put on the spurt," and pass him? These were nice points to decide. The deliberations of a pedestrian-privy-council would be required to help him under this heavy responsibility. What men could he trust? He could trust A. and B.—both of them authorities: both of them stanch. Query about C.? As an authority, unexceptionable; as a man, doubtful. The problem relating to C. brought him to a stand-still—and declined to be solved, even then. Never mind! he could always take the advice of A. and B. In the mean time, devote C. to the infernal regions; and, thus dismissing him, try and think of something else. What else? Mrs. Glenarm? Oh, bother the women! one of them is the same as another. They all waddle when they run; and they all fill their stomachs before dinner with sloppy tea. That's the only difference between women and men—the rest is nothing but a weak imitation of Us. Devote the women to the infernal regions; and, so dismissing *them*, try and think of something else. Of what? Of something worth thinking of, this time—of filling another pipe.

He took out his tobacco-pouch; and suddenly suspended operations at the moment of opening it.

What was the object he saw, on the other side of a row of dwarf pear-trees, away to the right? A woman—evidently a servant by her dress—stooping down with her back to him, gathering something: herbs they looked like, as well as he could make them out at the distance.

What was that thing hanging by a string at the woman's side? A slate? Yes. What the deuce did she want with a slate at her side? He was in search of something to divert his mind—and here it was found. "Any thing will do for me," he thought. "Suppose I 'chaff' her a little about her slate?"

He called to the woman across the pear-trees. "Hullo!"

The woman raised herself, and advanced toward him slowly—looking at him, as she came on, with the sunken eyes, the sorrow-stricken face, the stony tranquillity of Hester Dethridge.

Geoffrey was staggered. He had not bargained for exchanging the dullest producible vulgarities of human speech (called in the language of slang, "Chaff") with such a woman as this.

"What's that slate for?" he asked, not knowing what else to say, to begin with.

The woman lifted her hand to her lips—touched them—and shook her head.

"Dumb?"

The woman bowed her head.

"Who are you?"

The woman wrote on her slate, and handed it to him over the pear-trees. He read:—"I am the cook."

"Well, cook, were you born dumb?"

The woman shook her head.

"What struck you dumb?"

The woman wrote on her slate:—"A blow."

"Who gave you the blow?"

She shook her head.

"Won't you tell me?"

She shook her head again.

Her eyes had rested on his face while he was questioning her; staring at him, cold, dull, and changeless as the eyes of a corpse. Firm as his nerves were—dense as he was, on all ordinary occasions, to any thing in the shape of an imaginative impression—the eyes of the dumb cook slowly penetrated him with a stealthy inner chill. Something crept at the marrow of his back, and shuddered under the roots of his hair. He felt a sudden impulse to get away from her. It was simple enough; he had only to say good-morning, and go on. He did say good-morning—but he never moved. He put his hand into his pocket, and offered her some money, as a way of making *her* go. She stretched out her hand across the pear-trees to take it—and stopped abruptly, with her arm suspended in the air. A sinister change passed over the deathlike tranquillity of her face. Her closed lips slowly dropped apart. Her dull eyes slowly dilated; looked away, sideways, from *his* eyes; stopped again; and stared, rigid and glittering, over his shoulder—stared as if they saw a sight of horror behind him. "What the devil are you looking at?" he asked—and turned round quickly, with a start. There was neither person nor thing to be seen behind him. He turned back again to the woman. The woman had left him, under the influence of some sudden panic. She was hurrying away from him—running, old as she was—flying the sight of him, as if the sight of him was the pestilence.

"Mad!" he thought—and turned his back on the sight of her.

He found himself (hardly knowing how he had got there) under the walnut-tree once more. In a few minutes his hardy nerves had recovered themselves—he could laugh over the remembrance of the strange impression that had been produced on him. "Frightened for the first time in my life," he thought—"and that by an old woman! It's time I went into training again, when things have come to this!"

He looked at his watch. It was close on the luncheon hour up at the house; and he had not decided yet what to do about his letter to Anne. He resolved to decide, then and there.

The woman—the dumb woman, with the stony face and the horrid eyes—reappeared in his thoughts, and got in the way of his decision. Pooh! some crazed old servant, who might once have been cook; who was kept out of charity now. Nothing more important than that. No more of her! no more of her!

He laid himself down on the grass, and gave his mind to the serious question. How to address Anne as "Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth?" and how to make sure of her receiving the letter?

The dumb old woman got in his way again.

He closed his eyes impatiently, and tried to shut her out in a darkness of his own making.

The woman showed herself through the darkness. He saw her, as if he had just asked her a question, writing on her slate. What she wrote he failed to make out. It was all over in an instant. He started up, with a feeling of astonishment at himself—and, at the same moment, his brain cleared with the suddenness of a flash of light. He saw his way, without a conscious effort on his own part, through the difficulty that had troubled him. Two envelopes, of course: an inner one, unsealed, and addressed to "Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth;" an outer one, sealed, and addressed to "Mrs. Silvester:" and there was the problem solved! Surely the simplest problem that had ever puzzled a stupid head.

Why had he not seen it before? Impossible to say.

How came he to have seen it now?

The dumb old woman reappeared in his thoughts—as if the answer to the question lay in something connected with *her*.

He became alarmed about himself, for the first time in his life. Had this persistent impression, produced by nothing but a crazy old woman, any thing to do with the broken health which the surgeon had talked about? Was his head on the turn? Or had he smoked too much on an empty stomach, and gone too long (after traveling all night) without his customary drink of ale?

He left the garden to put that latter theory to the test forthwith. The betting would have gone dead against him if the public had seen him at that moment. He looked haggard and anxious—and with good reason too. His nervous system had suddenly forced itself on his notice, without the slightest previous introduction, and was saying (in an unknown tongue), Here I am!

Returning to the purely ornamental part of the grounds, Geoffrey encountered one of the footmen giving a message to one of the gardeners. He at once asked for the butler—as the only safe authority to consult in the present emergency.

Conducted to the butler's pantry, Geoffrey requested that functionary to produce a jug of his oldest ale, with appropriate solid nourishment in the shape of "a hunk of bread and cheese."

The butler stared. As a form of condescension among the upper classes this was quite new to him.

"Luncheon will be ready directly, Sir."

"What is there for lunch?"

The butler ran over an appetizing list of good dishes and rare wines.

"The devil take your kickshaws!" said Geoffrey. "Give me my old ale, and my hunk of bread and cheese."

"Where will you take them, Sir?"

"Here, to be sure! And the sooner the better."

The butler issued the necessary orders with all needful alacrity. He spread the simple refreshment demanded, before his distinguished guest, in a state of blank bewilderment. Here was a nobleman's son, and a public celebrity into the bargain, filling himself with bread and cheese and ale, in at once the most voracious and the most unpretending manner, at *his* table! The butler ventured on a little complimentary familiarity. He smiled, and touched the betting-book in his breast-pocket. "I've put six pound on you, Sir, for the Race." "All right, old boy! you shall win your money!" With those noble words the honorable gentleman clapped him on the back, and held out his tumbler for some more ale. The butler felt trebly an Englishman as he filled the foaming glass. Ah! foreign nations may have their revolutions! foreign aristocracies may tumble down! The British aristocracy lives in the hearts of the people, and lives forever!

"Another!" said Geoffrey, presenting his empty glass. "Here's luck!" He tossed off his liquor at a draught, and nodded to the butler, and went out.

Had the experiment succeeded? Had he proved his own theory about himself to be right? Not a doubt of it! An empty stomach, and a determination of tobacco to the head—these were the true causes of that strange state of mind into which he had fallen in the kitchen-garden. The dumb woman with the stony face vanished as if in a mist. He felt nothing now but a comfortable buzzing in his head, a genial warmth all over him, and an unlimited capacity for carrying any responsibility that could rest on mortal shoulders. Geoffrey was himself again.

He went round toward the library, to write his letter to Anne—and so have done with that, to begin with. The company had collected in the library waiting for the luncheon bell. All were idly talking; and some would be certain, if he showed himself, to fasten on *him*. He turned back again, without showing himself. The only way of writing in peace and quietness would be to wait until they were all at luncheon, and then return to the library. The same opportunity would serve also for finding a messenger to take the letter, without exciting attention, and for going away afterward, unseen, on a long walk by himself. An absence of two or three hours would cast the necessary dust in Arnold's eyes; for it would be certainly interpreted by him as meaning absence at an interview with Anne.

He strolled idly through the grounds, farther and farther away from the house.

The talk in the library—aimless and empty enough, for the most part—was talk to the purpose, in one corner of the room, in which Sir Patrick and Blanche were sitting together.

"Uncle! I have been watching you for the last minute or two."

"At my age, Blanche, that is paying me a very pretty compliment."

"Do you know what I have seen?"

"You have seen an old gentleman in want of his lunch."

"I have seen an old gentleman with something on his mind. What is it?"

"Suppressed gout, my dear."

"That won't do! I am not to be put off in that way. Uncle! I want to know—"

"Stop there, Blanche! A young lady who says she 'wants to know,' expresses very dangerous sentiments. Eve 'wanted to know'—and see what it led to. Faust 'wanted to know'—and got into bad company, as the necessary result."

"You are feeling anxious about something," persisted Blanche. "And, what is more, Sir Patrick, you behaved in a most unaccountable manner a little while since."

"When?"

"When you went and hid yourself with Mr. Delamayn in that snug corner there. I saw you lead the way in, while I was at work on Lady Lundie's odious dinner-invitations."

"Oh! you call that being at work, do you? I wonder whether there was ever a woman yet who could give the whole of her mind to any earthly thing that she had to do?"

"Never mind the women! What subject in common could you and Mr. Delamayn possibly have to talk about? And why do I see a wrinkle between your eyebrows, now you have done with him?—a wrinkle which certainly wasn't there before you had that private conference together?"

Before answering, Sir Patrick considered whether he should take Blanche into his confidence or not. The attempt to identify Geoffrey's unnamed "lady," which he was determined to make, would lead him to Craig Fernie, and would no doubt end in obliging him to address himself to Anne. Blanche's intimate knowledge of her friend might unquestionably be made useful to him under these circumstances; and Blanche's discretion was to be trusted in any matter in which Miss Silvester's interests were concerned. On the other hand, caution was imperatively necessary, in the present imperfect state of his information—and caution, in Sir Patrick's mind, carried the day. He decided to wait and see what came first of his investigation at the inn.

"Mr. Delamayn consulted me on a dry point of law, in which a friend of his was interested," said Sir Patrick. "You have wasted your curiosity, my dear, on a subject totally unworthy of a lady's notice."

Blanche's penetration was not to be deceived on such easy terms as these. "Why not say at once that you won't tell me?" she rejoined. "*You* shutting yourself up with Mr. Delamayn to talk law! *You* looking absent and anxious about it afterward! I am a very unhappy girl!" said Blanche, with a little, bitter sigh. "There is something in me that seems to repel the people I love. Not a word in confidence can I get from Anne. And not a word in confidence can I get from you. And I do so long to sympathize! It's very hard. I think I shall go to Arnold."

Sir Patrick took his niece's hand.

"Stop a minute, Blanche. About Miss Silvester? Have you heard from her to-day?"

"No. I am more unhappy about her than words can say."

"Suppose somebody went to Craig Fernie and tried to find out the cause of Miss Silvester's silence? Would you believe that somebody sympathized with you then?"

Blanche's face flushed brightly with pleasure and surprise. She raised Sir Patrick's hand gratefully to her lips.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "You don't mean that *you* would do that?"

"I am certainly the last person who ought to do it—seeing that you went to the inn in flat rebellion against my orders, and that I only forgave you, on your own promise of amendment, the other day. It is a miserably weak proceeding on the part of 'the head of the family' to be turning his back on his own principles, because his niece happens to be anxious and unhappy. Still (if you could lend me your little carriage), I *might* take a surly drive toward Craig Fernie, all by myself, and I *might* stumble against Miss Silvester—in case you have any thing to say."

"Any thing to say?" repeated Blanche. She put her arm round her uncle's neck, and whispered in his ear one of the most interminable messages that ever was sent from one human being to another. Sir Patrick listened, with a growing interest in the inquiry on which he was secretly bent. "The woman must have some noble qualities," he thought, "who can inspire such devotion as this."

While Blanche was whispering to her uncle, a second private conference—of the purely domestic sort—was taking place between Lady Lundie and the butler, in the hall outside the library door.

"I am sorry to say, my lady, Hester Dethridge has broken out again."

"What do you mean?"

"She was all right, my lady, when she went into the kitchen-garden, some time since. She's taken strange again, now she has come back. Wants the rest of the day to herself, your ladyship. Says she's overworked, with all the company in the house—and, I must say, does look like a person troubled and worn out in body and mind."

"Don't talk nonsense, Roberts! The woman is obstinate and idle and insolent. She is now in the house, as you know, under a month's notice to leave. If she doesn't choose to do her duty for that month I shall refuse to give her a character. Who is to cook the dinner to-day if I give Hester Dethridge leave to go out?"

"Any way, my lady, I am afraid the kitchen-maid will have to do her best to-day. Hester is very obstinate, when the fit takes her—as your ladyship says."

"If Hester Dethridge leaves the kitchen-maid to cook the dinner, Roberts, Hester Dethridge leaves my service to-day. I want no more words about it. If she persists in setting my orders at defiance, let her bring her account-book into the library, while we are at lunch, and lay it on my desk. I shall be back in the library after luncheon—and if I see the account-book I shall know what it means. In that case, you will receive my directions to settle with her and send her away. Ring the luncheon-bell."

The luncheon-bell rang. The guests all took the direction of the dining-room; Sir Patrick following, from the far end of the library, with Blanche on his arm. Arrived at the dining-room door, Blanche stopped, and asked her uncle to excuse her if she left him to go in by himself.

"I will be back directly," she said. "I have forgotten something up stairs."

Sir Patrick went in. The dining-room door closed; and Blanche returned alone to the library. Now on one pretense, and now on another, she had, for three days past, faithfully fulfilled the engagement she had made at Craig Fernie to wait ten minutes after luncheon-time in the library, on the chance of seeing Anne. On this, the fourth occasion, the faithful girl sat down alone in the great room, and waited with her eyes fixed on the lawn outside.

Five minutes passed, and nothing living appeared but the birds hopping about the grass.

In less than a minute more Blanche's quick ear caught the faint sound of a woman's dress brushing over the lawn. She ran to the nearest window, looked out, and clapped her hands with a cry of delight. There was the well-known figure, rapidly approaching her! Anne was true to their friendship—Anne had kept her engagement at last!

Blanche hurried out, and drew her into the library in triumph. "This makes amends, love, for every thing! You answer my letter in the best of all ways—you bring me your own dear self."

She placed Anne in a chair, and, lifting her veil, saw her plainly in the brilliant mid-day light.

The change in the whole woman was nothing less than dreadful to the loving eyes that rested on her. She looked years older than her real age. There was a dull calm in her face, a stagnant, stupefied submission to any thing, pitiable to see. Three days and nights of solitude and grief, three days and nights of unresting and unpartaken suspense, had crushed that sensitive nature, had frozen that warm heart. The animating spirit was gone—the mere shell of the woman lived and moved, a mockery of her former self.

"Oh, Anne! Anne! What *can* have happened to you? Are you frightened? There's not the least fear of any body disturbing us. They are all at luncheon, and the servants are at dinner. We have the room entirely to ourselves. My darling! you look so faint and strange! Let me get you something."

Anne drew Blanche's head down and kissed her. It was done in a dull, slow way—without a word, without a tear, without a sigh.

"You're tired—I'm sure you're tired. Have you walked here? You sha'n't go back on foot; I'll take care of that!"

Anne roused herself at those words. She spoke for the first time. The tone was lower than was natural to her; sadder than was natural to her—but the charm of her voice, the native gentleness and beauty of it, seemed to have survived the wreck of all besides.

"I don't go back, Blanche. I have left the inn."

"Left the inn? With your husband?"

She answered the first question—not the second.

"I can't go back," she said. "The inn is no place for me. A curse seems to follow me, Blanche, wherever I go. I am the cause of quarreling and wretchedness, without meaning it, God knows. The old man who is head-waiter at the inn has been kind to me, my dear, in his way, and he and the landlady had hard words together about it. A quarrel, a shocking, violent quarrel. He has lost his place in consequence. The woman, his mistress, lays all the blame of it to my door. She is a hard woman; and she has been harder than ever since Bishopriggs went away. I have missed a letter at the inn—I must have thrown it aside, I suppose, and forgotten it. I only know that I remembered about it, and couldn't find it last night. I told the landlady, and she fastened a quarrel on me almost before the words were out of my mouth. Asked me if I charged her with stealing my letter. Said things to me—I can't repeat them. I am not very well, and not able to deal with people of that sort. I thought it best to leave Craig Fernie this morning. I hope and pray I shall never see Craig Fernie again."

She told her little story with a total absence of emotion of any sort, and laid her head back wearily on the chair when it was done.

Blanche's eyes filled with tears at the sight of her.

"I won't tease you with questions, Anne," she said, gently. "Come up stairs and rest in my room. You're not fit to travel, love. I'll take care that nobody comes near us."

The stable-clock at Windygates struck the quarter to two. Anne raised herself in the chair with a start.

"What time was that?" she asked.

Blanche told her.

"I can't stay," she said. "I have come here to find something out, if I can. You won't ask me questions? Don't, Blanche, don't! for the sake of old times."

Blanche turned aside, heart-sick. "I will do nothing, dear, to annoy you," she said, and took Anne's hand, and hid the tears that were beginning to fall over her cheeks.

"I want to know something, Blanche. Will you tell me?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"Who are the gentlemen staying in the house?"

Blanche looked round at her again, in sudden astonishment and alarm. A vague fear seized her that Anne's mind had given way under the heavy weight of trouble laid on it. Anne persisted in pressing her strange request.

"Run over their names, Blanche. I have a reason for wishing to know who the gentlemen are who are staying in the house."

Blanche repeated the names of Lady Lundie's guests, leaving to the last the guests who had arrived last.

"Two more came back this morning," she went on. "Arnold Brinkworth and that hateful friend of his, Mr. Delamayn."

Anne's head sank back once more on the chair. She had found her way, without exciting suspicion of the truth, to the one discovery which she had come to Windygates to make. He was in Scotland again, and he had only arrived from London that morning. There was barely time for him to have communicated with Craig Fernie before she left the inn—he, too, who hated letter-writing! The circumstances were all in his favor: there was no reason, there was really and truly no reason, so far, to believe that he had deserted her. The heart of the unhappy woman bounded in her bosom, under the first ray of hope that had warmed it for four days past. Under that sudden revulsion of feeling, her weakened frame shook from head to foot. Her face flushed deep for a moment—then turned deadly pale again. Blanche, anxiously watching her, saw the serious necessity for giving some restorative to her instantly.

"I am going to get you some wine—you will faint, Anne, if you don't take something. I shall be back in a moment; and I can manage it without any body being the wiser."

She pushed Anne's chair close to the nearest open window—a window at the upper end of the library—and ran out.

Blanche had barely left the room, by the door that led into the hall, when Geoffrey entered it by one of the lower windows opening from the lawn.

With his mind absorbed in the letter that he was about to write, he slowly advanced up the room toward the nearest table. Anne, hearing the sound of footsteps, started, and looked round. Her failing strength rallied in an instant, under the sudden relief of seeing him again. She rose and advanced eagerly, with a faint tinge of color in her cheeks. He looked up. The two stood face to face together—alone.

"Geoffrey!"

He looked at her without answering—without advancing a step, on his side. There was an evil light in his eyes; his silence was the brute silence that threatens dumbly. He had made up his mind never to see her again, and she had entrapped him into an interview. He had made up his mind to write, and there she stood forcing him to speak. The sum of her offenses against him was now complete. If there had ever been the faintest hope of her raising even a passing pity in his heart, that hope would have been annihilated now.

She failed to understand the full meaning of his silence. She made her excuses, poor soul, for venturing back to Windygates—her excuses to the man whose purpose at that moment was to throw her helpless on the world.

"Pray forgive me for coming here," she said. "I have done nothing to compromise you, Geoffrey. Nobody but Blanche knows I am at Windygates. And I have contrived to make my inquiries about you without allowing her to suspect our secret." She stopped, and began to tremble. She saw something more in his face than she had read in it at first. "I got your letter," she went on, rallying her sinking courage. "I don't complain of its being so short: you don't like letter-writing, I know. But you promised I should hear from you again. And I have never heard. And oh, Geoffrey, it was so lonely at the inn!"

She stopped again, and supported herself by resting her hand on the table. The faintness was stealing back on her. She tried to go on again. It was useless—she could only look at him now.

"What do you want?" he asked, in the tone of a man who was putting an unimportant question to a total stranger.

A last gleam of her old energy flickered up in her face, like a dying flame.

"I am broken by what I have gone through," she said. "Don't insult me by making me remind you of your promise."

"What promise?"

"For shame, Geoffrey! for shame! Your promise to marry me."

"You claim my promise after what you have done at the inn?"

She steadied herself against the table with one hand, and put the other hand to her head. Her brain was giddy. The effort to think was too much for her. She said to herself, vacantly, "The inn? What did I do at the inn?"

"I have had a lawyer's advice, mind! I know what I am talking about."

She appeared not to have heard him. She repeated the words, "What did I do at the inn?" and gave it up in despair. Holding by the table, she came close to him and laid her hand on his arm.

"Do you refuse to marry me?" she asked.

He saw the vile opportunity, and said the vile words.

"You're married already to Arnold Brinkworth."

Without a cry to warn him, without an effort to save herself, she dropped senseless at his feet; as her mother had dropped at his father's feet in the by-gone time.

He disentangled himself from the folds of her dress. "Done!" he said, looking down at her as she lay on the floor.

As the word fell from his lips he was startled by a sound in the inner part of the house. One of the library doors had not been completely closed. Light footsteps were audible, advancing rapidly across the hall.

He turned and fled, leaving the library, as he had entered it, by the open window at the lower end of the room.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Waiter's Epitaph.—He couldn't wait any longer—so he went.

A London umbrella thief returned the purloined article with the following note: "This umbraller has prade hon my konshens ever sin I stole him.

"W. R."

When is a grocer like a highwayman?—When he lies in weight.

"You've destroyed my peace of mind," said a desponding lover to a truant lass. "It can't do you much harm, John, for it was an amazing small piece you had any way," was the quick reply.

An Irishman was charged with highway robbery. In the course of the trial the prisoner roared out from the dock that he was guilty, but the jury pronounced him by their verdict "not guilty." The astonished judge exclaimed: "Good Heavens, gentlemen! did you not hear the man declare himself that he was guilty?" The foreman said: "We did, my lord, and that was the very reason we acquitted him, for we know the fellow to be so notorious a liar that he never told a word of truth in his life."

"Mother, what did father pray to General Grant so much in church for yesterday?" asked the bright little daughter of a ministerial friend lately. "I don't know that he did, sis." "Why, yes; don't you know? He was always saying, 'Grant, we beseech thee.'"

Serpents on the Hearth—Eels on a gridiron.

The man whose head was fairly turned says it feels very uncomfortable in that position.

"When did you hear from your husband last?" inquired a lady, wife of a sea-captain, of another lady enjoying the same distinction. "I received a letter last week. It was headed *Antipodes*, if you know where that is; I'm sure I don't. It's somewhere around China, I suppose. They have such outlandish names out there, you know. When did you hear from your husband?" "About three weeks ago. He said he wrote from the *Antipodes*, as he called the place. Where it is, I don't know no more than the man in the moon. I looked all over the map, and could find nothing of such a place. I found Antilles, and I guess that must be it." "Most likely, these men are so careless. Good-by."

A High Way—The milky way.

Young ladies should be careful not to get chaps on the lips. They have been known to lead to an affection of the heart.

A Quack-Dish—Roast duck.

A debating society at Lyons has been for some time engaged in a discussion of the question: "If you had to have a 'bile,' where would you have it?" and its members have finally decided, "on another fellow."

A Ray that always lights up a Woman's Despair—Rai-ment.

It chanced one gloomy day in the month of December, that a good-humored Irishman applied to a merchant to discount a bill of exchange for him at rather a long, though not an unusual date; and the merchant having casually remarked that the bill had a great many days to run, "That's true," replied the Irishman; "but then, my honey, you don't consider how short the days are at this time of the year."

The first Board of Education—The blackboard.

At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom?—When long experience has made him sage.

A well-known young lawyer obtained a divorce for a pretty and wealthy client. He sent in a bill for $1000. The next day the lady called on him, and inquired if he was in earnest in proposing to her. "Propose to you, Madam! I didn't propose to you," replied the astonished attorney. "Well, you asked for my fortune, and I thought you would have the grace to take me with it," was the calm reply. The lawyer wilted.

Good places for Match-making—Sulphur springs.

The Virtues of Lazy Men.—The lazy man is always too good-natured. He never flies into a passion. He might crawl into one, but the idea of his flying into any thing is preposterous. Who ever heard of a lazy man breaking into a bank where a crow-bar had to be used, or drilling into a safe? Nobody. He rarely lies about his neighbors, for it would be too much exertion, but he can lie at a bar-room all day. He is of inestimable service to a billiard saloon, keeping the chair warm and watching the game, for few would care to play where there are no spectators. The lazy man never gets up revolutions, insurrections, or other popular excitements, and don't make a nuisance of himself by tramping round the country making incendiary speeches to promote public discontent. In his own neighborhood he is never a busy-body in other people's affairs. Lazy men don't disturb the quiet of peaceful neighborhoods by putting up factories, furnaces, and such abominations.

A CALL IN A NUTSHELL.

"I heard it!"
"Who told you?"
"Her friend," (?)
"You don't say!"
"'Tis dreadful!"
"Yes, awful!"
"Don't tell it, I pray!"

"Good gracious!"
"Who'd think it!"
"Well! well! well!"
"Dear me!"
"I've had *my*
Suspicions!"
"And I too, you see!"

"I'm going!"
"Don't; stay, love!"
"I can't!"
"I'm forlorn!"
"Farewell, dear!"
"Good-by, sweet!"
"I'm glad she's gone!"

The sieve through which the man strained every nerve is for sale.

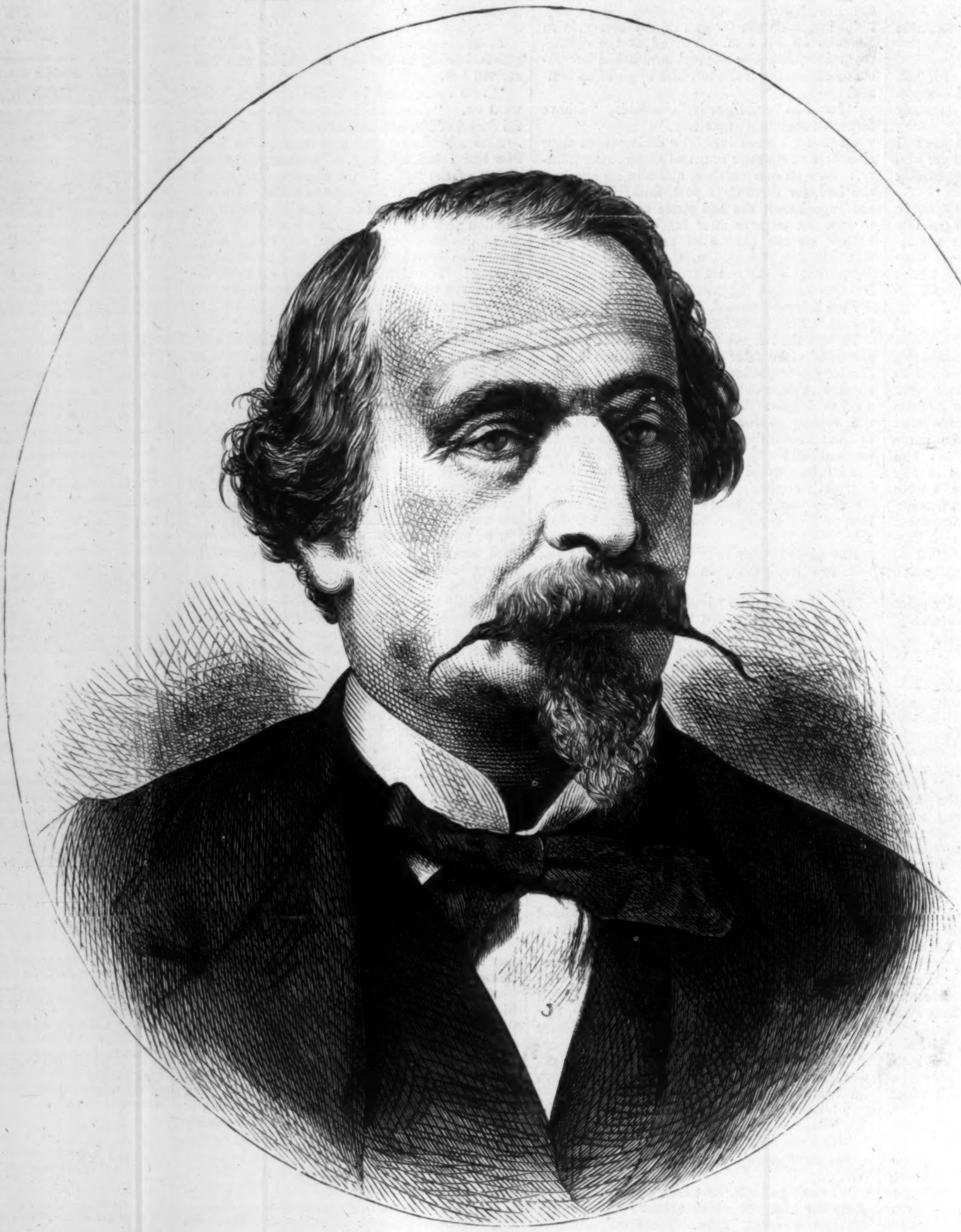
A Freak of Lightning—The telegraph operators' strike.

A few days ago a very starchly-dressed individual called at an out-of-the-way shop, on Howard Street, over which hung the sign of Dr. Jiffries. "Is the doctor in?" he inquired of a dilapidated darkey who answered his summons. "He am dat, Sar!" was the smiling rejoinder. "Tell him I think I have symptoms of small-pox, and wish to consult him." The whites of the darkey's eyes grew intense, and his dusky complexion assumed rapidly a creamy hue. "Golly, boss, what you say?" "Tell the doctor I'm sick with the small-pox, and wish to see him." The astonished African gave a wild leap, and darting through an inner door, slamming it in the visitor's face, cried out: "Leave dis yer house; I don't want no small-pox!" "But the doctor?" "Golly, boss, I'se the doctor, but I ain't good at small-pox."

NAPOLEON III. AND THE IRRECONCILABLES.

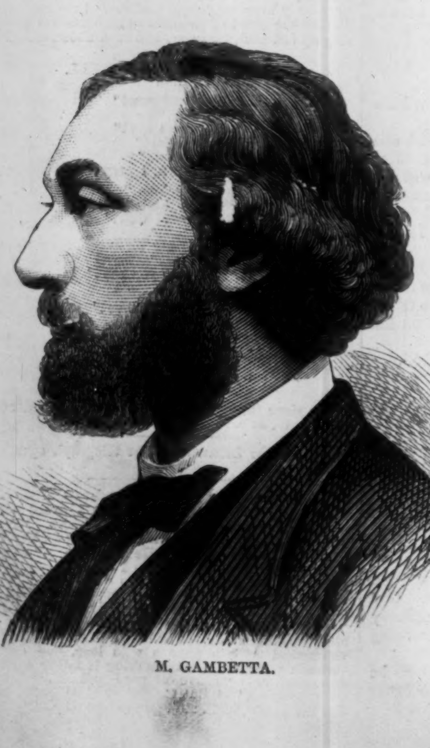
We give on this page the portraits of the present Emperor of France and three of the most prominent members of the Opposition, who have earned for themselves the title of "Irreconcilables." The word exactly describes their attitude toward the Imperial Government, and the temper of the party which they represent. Under no circumstances will they be reconciled to any condition of affairs by which one man, and that man a member of the Napoleonic family, is placed in authority over his fellows. Recent events indicate that they have less influence in France than was supposed. In spite of all his offenses against liberty, the Emperor is not unpopular with the masses of the French people. Had they really sympathized with Rochefort, and the party represented by him and other "Irreconcilables," the popular demonstration that took place at the funeral of Victor Noir, in Paris, would hardly have subsided so easily, even in face of the immense concentration of the military which the Emperor was able to effect in the capital. No doubt the reluctance of the French people to rebel against him arises from the belief, amounting almost to certainty, that his dynasty will go to the grave with him. Very few Frenchmen believe that there will be a Napoleon IV.; and to the knowledge that such a belief exists, and the fear that it may prove to be well-founded, the recent concessions to popular demands are probably due.

The admirers of Napoleon III. affect to regard him as infallible; his detractors, on the other hand, deny him any share of political wisdom or foresight. Neither party is entirely right. That he has succeeded in maintaining his position for twenty years, marks him as a man of no ordinary ability; and when we consider that his reign commenced with powerful parties arrayed against him in France, with all the crowned heads of Europe bitterly hostile to his pretensions, and that, in the face of this domestic and foreign opposition, he has kept his own people tranquil, and compelled other monarchs to fear and court him, we must admit that few rulers have ever displayed greater capacity for governing, however strongly we may condemn the means by which he achieved power and continues to maintain it.

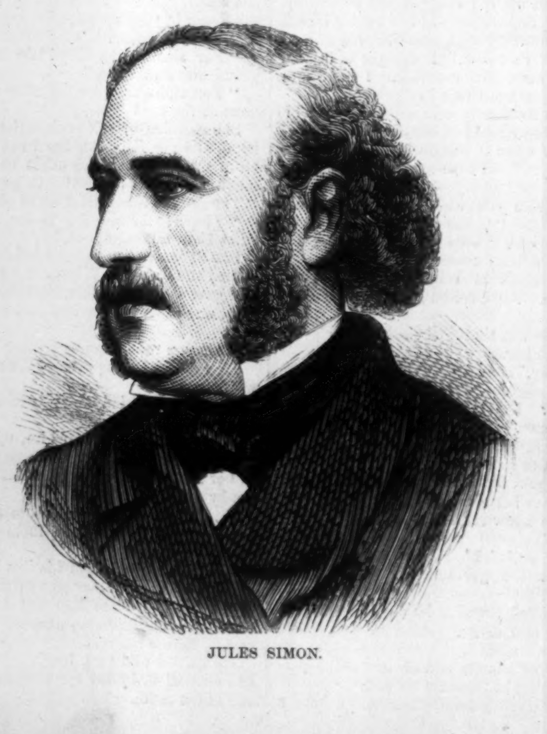


NAPOLEON III.

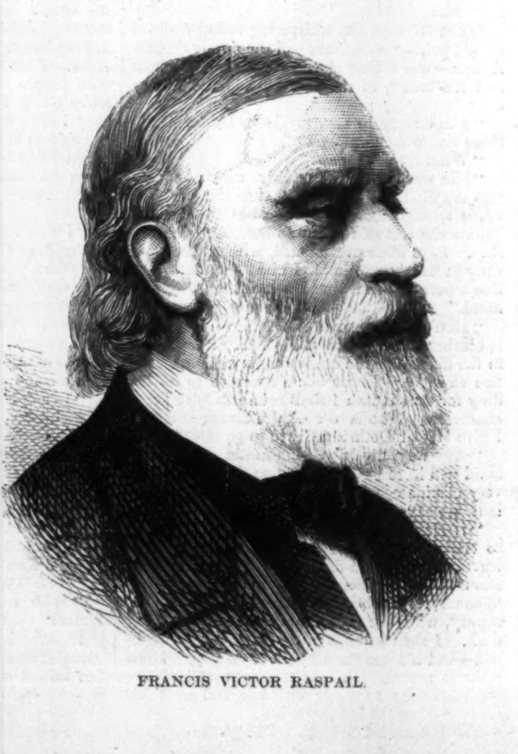
Of the "Irreconcilables" whose portraits we give this week, M. Raspail is the best known in this country. He was born in 1794, the third son of a poor man, and was brought up by an ecclesiastic. All his life long he has been an ardent republican, and has frequently suffered political prosecution, fine, and imprisonment, under the various governments of France, for his opinions. He took a prominent part in the revolution of 1848, and was one of the first to take possession of the Hôtel de Ville, in Paris, on the 24th of February; and even before the arrival of the members of the Provisional Government he proclaimed the Republic. Then, refusing the public offices tendered him, he founded, February 27, a daily journal, *L'Ami du Peuple*, with this heading: "God and father-land; full and complete liberty of thought; unlimited religious tolerance; universal suffrage." Last year he was elected to the Corps Législatif from the city of Lyons, and took his seat with Rochefort as a member of the extreme Left. A false report of his death was invented at the time of the killing of Victor Noir by Prince Bonaparte, and added to the excitement of the hour.—Jules Simon is a thoughtful, serious writer, as well as an ardent politician. He has recently published a book in favor of the abolition of capital punishment, based on certain incidents of French history. In 1830 serious disturbances took place in Brittany, and many murders were committed by the insurgents. M. Brossaud, a village mayor, was seized by them and shot; three brothers named Nayl were present at the murder, but without taking any part in it, for the simple reason that, being opposed to the act, they were manacled by their comrades. But they knew who the murderers were, and, as they refused to reveal the names, they were themselves looked upon as alone guilty. The Assize Court of Vannes sentenced them to death. An appeal suspended execution, and the judgment was quashed. They were again tried before the Royal Court of Caen. During the course of the trial the wife of one of these men, an intelligent and courageous woman, undertook, at her own labor and cost, to collect evidence which left no doubt as to the facts. The Nayls, having had a narrow escape from leaving their heads on the scaffold, were declared quite innocent, and as such acquitted. M. Simon relates this story in detail, and bases upon it an ingenious, not to say forcible, argument in favor of the abolition of an irrevocable punishment; but he appears to have forgotten the witty reply of Alphonse Karr, when some one asked for the abolition of the death penalty: "Be it so," said he; "but let Messieurs the assassins begin."—M. Gambetta, the third in our list of "Irreconcilables," is a young advocate of great ability, a member of the Corps Législatif, and an earnest republican. Though energetic and stanch in support of republican principles, he has sometimes incurred popular displeasure by refusing to follow the lead of men who seem to have taken leave of common-sense in dealing with political questions, and who insist that the only way to set society right is to turn every thing upside down, and begin over again with themselves at the top; for, though properly classed with the "Irreconcilables," he is no believer in this sort of reconstruction. In the approaching trial of Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte, M. Gambetta will appear for the family of Victor Noir.



M. GAMBETTA.



JULES SIMON.



FRANCIS VICTOR RASPAIL.

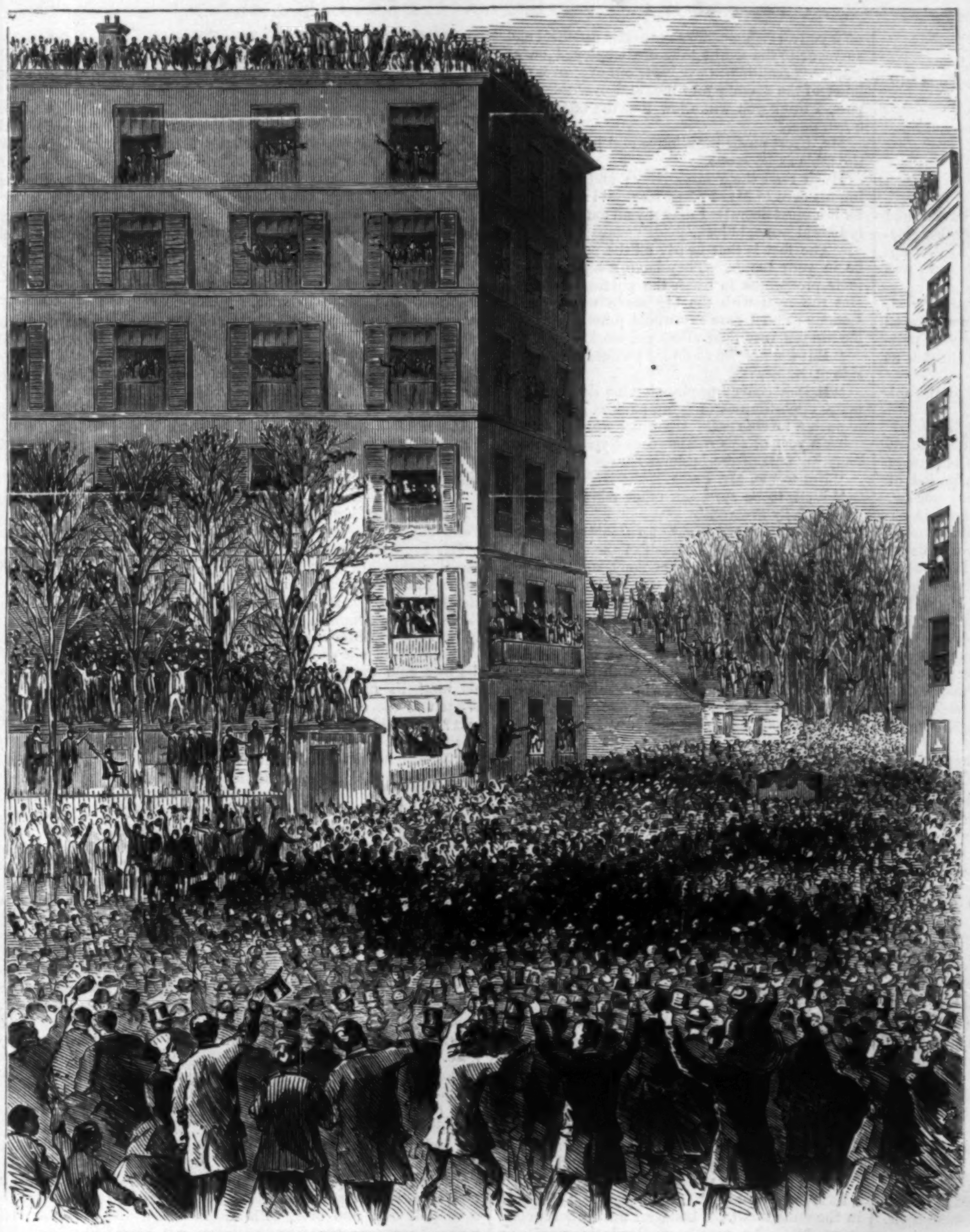
THE FUNERAL OF VICTOR NOIR.

OUR illustrations on this page represent two remarkable scenes at the funeral of VICTOR NOIR, at Neuilly, in the suburbs of Paris. M. NOIR was one of the editors of the *Marseillaise*, the organ of HENRI ROCHEFORT. On Monday, January 10, in company with another of the editors of the same journal, he visited the Prince PIERRE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE for the purpose of presenting a challenge from M. PASCHAL GROUSSET, a gentleman associated with them upon the *Marseillaise*. At the interview an altercation occurred, and M. NOIR was shot and instantly killed by the Prince.

The affair created the greatest excitement at Paris, and the funeral, which took place on Wednesday, January 12, was made the occasion of the greatest manifestation against the Emperor that has been seen since he occupied the throne of France. The funeral was conducted by the brother of the murdered man, assisted by M. HENRI ROCHEFORT. More than two hundred thousand people were present, and the whole quarter was densely thronged. The "Marseillaise" and other seditious songs were sung, and the people shouted themselves hoarse with "Vive la Republique!" "Vive ROCHEFORT!"

The first of these scenes represents ROCHEFORT addressing the multitude from the window of the house in which the dead man was lying. He advised moderation, and his words had some effect in calming the tumult of the crowd. The second represents the scene in the Avenue de Neuilly, when the people, in their determination to take the body through Paris to the cemetery of Père la Chaise—a movement that would have been attended with the most sanguinary results—took the horses from the hearse and turned it in the direction of the city. At this juncture M. ROCHEFORT, mounting upon the rear of the hearse, entreated the people to respect the wishes of the family and friends of the deceased, and allow him to be buried at Neuilly. Another gentleman mounted the seat of the driver, and added his entreaties to those of M. ROCHEFORT, the result of which was that the hearse was again turned and taken to the cemetery at Neuilly, where M. NOIR was buried.

The multitude, leaving the cemetery, entered Paris, and were, as at Neuilly, very demonstrative in their hatred to the government. No organization was made, however; and as the mob came down the Champs Elysées it was quickly dispersed by the military without any bloodshed. The city was held by the troops during the night, no further manifestation of any importance was made, and so the affair has ended for the present.

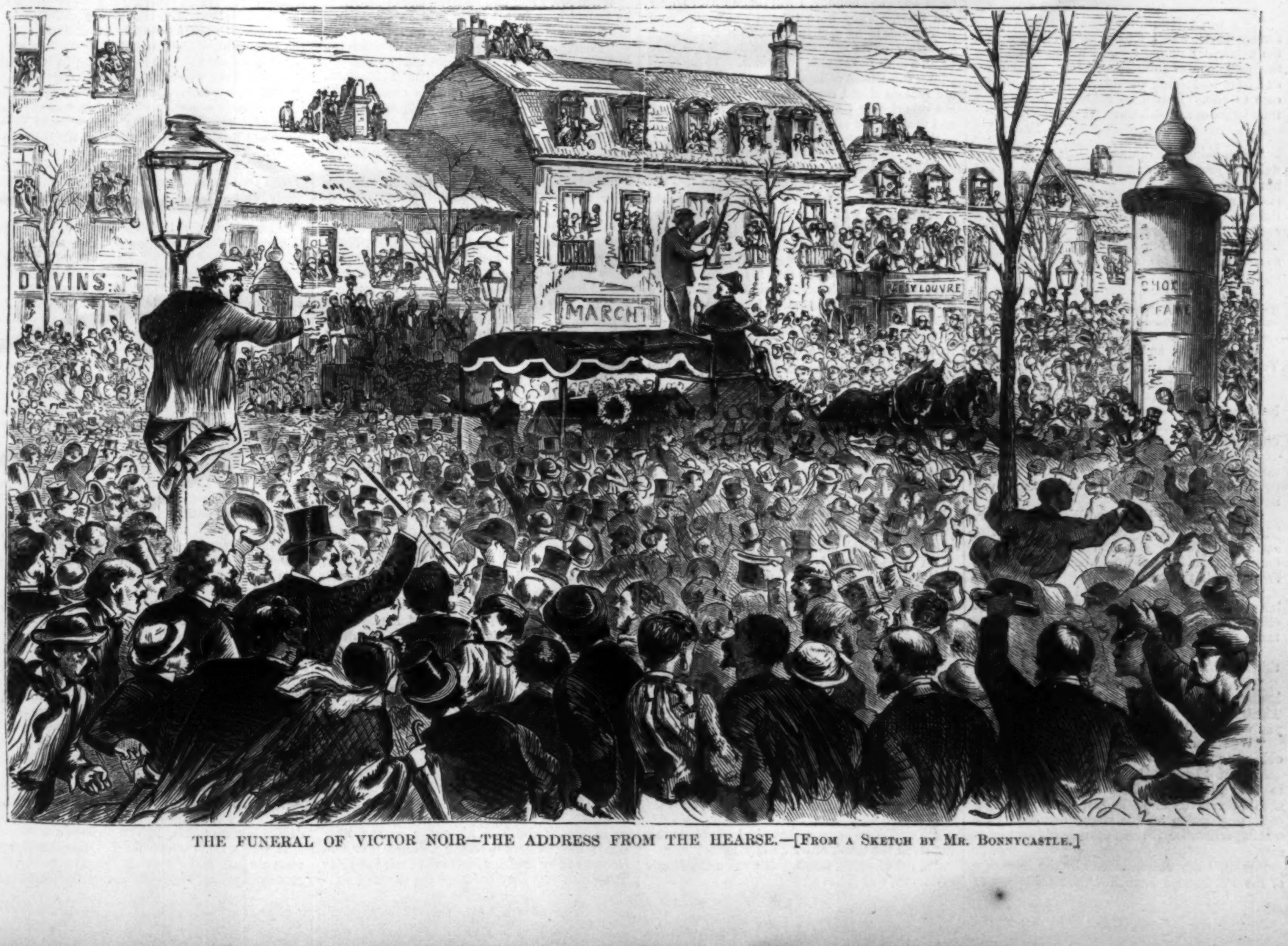

THE FUNERAL OF VICTOR NOIR—ROCHEFORT ADDRESSING THE CROWD.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MR. BONNYCASTLE.]

HORACE, THE LATIN POET.

HORACE has left many descriptions of his rustic retreat at Tibur, both in his epistles and his odes. His wishes were moderate, and his mode of life simple. A good library, food to serve a year—these combined the whole of his desires, and seemed to him all mankind should pray for. His custom was to visit Rome in the spring, to spend the summer in the country, and to pass the winter at Tarentum. In his retirement he abstained from literary work, and gave himself up to enjoyment. In his latter days he devoted himself entirely to rural pleasures.

In his youth Horace was a professed Epicurean; but "the years that bring the philosophic mind" induced him to turn Stoic. His conversion he has described in one of his odes, in which he mentions that on a certain day it lightened and thundered in a pure sky—an occurrence which he regarded as miraculous, and accepted as an argument for an overruling Providence.

As to his personal appearance, Horace was short of stature and corpulent, being compared by Augustus to a little thick volume which he had sent him, accompanied by a letter. At forty he was gray-haired, and subject to sore eyes, which induced him to abstain from too much exercise, though he loved company and a cheerful glass. But he wished his guests to use their own discretion, and be entirely free in their use of the latter. His disposition was amorous, but he mastered his passions, and lived tranquilly in his old age. He and Mæcenas died in the same year and month; Horace being then in his fifty-seventh year. He is regarded as a master in the lyric school of poetic art, and in his odes has risen to the sublime as well as the beautiful, aiming always at dignity of thought and majesty of expression. His style has many felicities which are peculiar, and by which he contrives to elevate the humblest themes. Delicacy, brevity, and simplicity are its general characteristics. Of satire Horace may almost be considered the founder.



THE FUNERAL OF VICTOR NOIR—THE ADDRESS FROM THE HEARSE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MR. BONNYCASTLE.]

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book IV.

CHAPTER III.

A CLOSE RUN.

On the following day Hugh Lockwood had two surprises. The first was of a very disagreeable nature. The second, though it at first appeared to him to be a very simple matter, was of great importance in its results.

When he reached the office of Digby and West, at Westminster, he found a letter there addressed to himself. The sight of the Danecester postmark made his pulse beat a thought quicker as he opened it.

It was from Herbert Snowe, and to the following effect:

Mr. Snowe, senior, regretted that he should not be able at present to advance the sum of money Mr. Lockwood had desired to borrow of the bank. The present time was a period of anxiety and uncertainty in the money market. Mr. Snowe did not feel himself justified in entering into any transaction of the kind contemplated, without better security than could be offered by Mr. Lockwood's friends. Mr. Snowe had every confidence in Mr. Lockwood's being able to find the money elsewhere. Meanwhile he begged to assure him of his kindest esteem.

Hugh crushed the letter in his hand, and went straight to his desk, where he began to write at a fierce rate. After a few minutes he put down his pen, and took up the letter again and read it through with compressed lips; the under projecting over the upper, in a way that gave him a strong resemblance to his mother.

There were a few words at the end of the letter expressive of Herbert Snowe's personal regret that the matter had not been arranged.

"I think, Lockwood, that, if you can wait a while, we may yet be able to do the loan for you," wrote young Snowe. "My father is a cautious man, and I believe the fact to be as he asserts, that the present moment is not one in which prudent men can afford to run any money risks."

"Risks!" exclaimed Hugh, contemptuously. "Risks, to a house like Snowe's! I believe the old man could put his hand in his pocket and pull out the poor little sum I want, and scarcely miss it!"

Then he thought that it was of no use to scold or sulk, and resolved to bear his disappointment manfully. But it *was* a disappointment, and he worked on with an increasing sense of depression.

It often happens that the first shock of misfortune is far from being the hardest part of it. We take up our burden with untired muscles, and find it lighter than our fears had anticipated. But with every mile of our journey the weight grows more and more oppressive.

Before the time came for him to leave his office, a note was brought to him by a messenger. And this was the second surprise. The note was as follows:

"BEDFORD SQUARE, *Wednesday*.

"MY DEAR HUGH,—I have got back from foreign parts, where I have been very busy all the winter. I should be glad to see you, either this afternoon or to-morrow, at my office here, as I have something advantageous to communicate to you. I shall be ready for you at any time between five and six. Yours always,

"S. FROST."

"Something advantageous! It will be very welcome just now," thought Hugh. But he did not allow himself to be too sanguine, knowing that Mr. Frost's ideas of his advantage were a little at variance with his own. He sent a line back by the messenger, to say that he would be with Mr. Frost a few minutes after five. And as soon as he left his office he made for Bedford Square.

Mr. Frost received him in his private room with all his accustomed kindness of manner, and bade him be seated in the purple leather chair opposite his own.

"Well, Hugh, and how goes on business? You are still with Digby and West, I suppose?"

"Yes, for the present."

"When I went away, you had some idea of leaving them and setting up for yourself."

"I have the idea still, Sir. But it is a mighty difficult idea to carry out."

"Naturally! And I hope you will do nothing rashly. You know the homely proverb about not throwing away the dirty water before you have got the clean."

"I shouldn't call Digby and West dirty water. They have behaved very handsomely to me. But as to your proverb, if a man were always content to stay as he is, it would be a poor business for the world in general."

"I have not been unmindful of you while I have been away, Hugh. I have had your interests in view; and I come back empowered to make you an offer."

"Thank you, with all my heart, for kindly thinking of me."

"Oh, that is nothing. I consider myself bound; I am your father's old friend, you know. There is nothing to thank me for. But I hope you will consider my news good news."

"Whatever I think, I shall not be the less obliged to you for your good-will."

Mr. Frost perceived that Hugh was not going to bind himself blindfold to accept whatever should be offered him: he saw that there was a quiet preparation on the young man's part for making resistance, if resistance should be necessary.

"Well, I am commissioned by the Directors of the Parthenope Embellishment Company to offer you an engagement as assistant architect and surveyor to the works they are employed on at Naples. And if you will cast your eyes over this letter of the secretary to me, and over these papers, I think you will allow that the offer is not a bad one."

Mr. Frost pushed the letter and papers across the table as he spoke.

Hugh read them attentively; and then, raising his eyes to Mr. Frost's face, said: "The offer is a most liberal—I may say an extraordinarily liberal—one, indeed."

"The fact is that nearly all the power would be in your hands. They have a big name on their prospectus to catch the public, of course. But the man with the big name would be in London; and I dare say would practically trouble himself very little about the works."

"But the assistant architect would have to reside at Naples?"

"It is a charming place. One does not get many opportunities of being paid to go and live in such a lovely spot. Upon my word, I should think a year or so's residence at Naples the most tempting part of the business!"

"Not to me, Mr. Frost."

"Well, to be sure, the other advantages *are* substantially greater."

"They are very great, no doubt. But the fact is, I can not avail myself of them."

"My dear Hugh! You don't mean to say that you will be so— But I won't be angry with you; and I won't take you at your word. What possible reason can there be against the scheme?"

"I hate to seem so ungracious: ungrateful, I assure you, I am not. The truth is, there are several reasons against it, which all seem good and sufficient to me."

"Might one ask what they are?"

"It is really not so easy to explain them."

"Excuse me, Hugh; but, in general, when a man can't explain his reasons, I take it they are not clear to his own mind; or else that he is ashamed of them."

"I am certainly not ashamed of mine," answered Hugh, good-humoredly.

"And you really mean to throw up this prospect without more reflection?"

"I do not believe that further reflection would alter my intentions. And besides, you know, it would not be fair that I should hesitate too long. Since it is so desirable a thing, there will doubtless be plenty of candidates for it."

"I dare say the position will not go a-begging," answered Mr. Frost, stiffly.

"Look here, Mr. Frost. You know that I am not ungrateful for your kind interest in me. But I am not a child, and I *must* be allowed to judge for myself in this matter."

"Oh, certainly!"

"Now you are angry with me; and yet, on my honor, I would do almost any thing rather than that you should be. You remember that we talked of my prospects last year. And I told you then that I was resolved to endeavor to make a little career and home for myself. I am still in the same mind. I believe I am rather a constant fellow by nature—well, obstinate, if you like! I see the word in your face. If I am to be in any one's employ, I will remain with Digby and West. They have treated me well. And they are safe as the Bank. This Parthenope Company offers very magnificently; but it may be all a flash in the pan, you know. These companies sometimes collapse unexpectedly. These are reasons that I *can* explain, you see. There are others that I am not at liberty to speak of, and that I must ask you to take my word for."

"Hugh, if I guess one of these reasons aright, will you tell me?"

"Why, I don't know what to say about that!"

"That means that you won't! But I can tell you that, last year before I left England, I had a conversation with your mother; who foresaw, even then, that you were very likely to lose your heart to a fair young lady."

"Did she, Sir?" said Hugh. He was inwardly a good deal surprised that his mother should have spoken confidentially to Mr. Frost on a subject which she had never broached to himself at that time.

"Yes; and I will say candidly that I then thought that prospect a bad one."

"That I should lose my heart to a fair young lady? After all, it was rather natural!"

"I thought at the time that the loss of your heart to the special young lady I had in view would lead to trouble. But it may be that I was wrong. To go back for a moment to the business I sent for you upon; am I to understand that your definite answer to the proposition is 'no'?"

"'No, *thank you!*' at the very least," said Hugh, smiling. Then he added, seriously: "If you would prefer that I should take a day or two to consider of the matter—"

"I should certainly think it advisable."

"Then I will do it. I don't wish to seem pig-headed. I will talk over the matter at home, and let you know my final decision in two days. But I must add that you must not expect me to give a different answer from the one I have given already."

"In two days? Good. The Parthenope Embellishment can wait that time. Now tell me how is all at home—your mother?"

"My mother is not very well, I fear. She does not complain, but I believe she has been harassed and tried too much. She frets more than she ought to fret, about troubles. But yet she is wonderfully placid in her manner at most times. Last night, however, she was ruffled and unlike herself."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. You know we have had trouble in the house, in the death of poor Lady Tallis?"

"I heard of her death. It was on the fourth of March, was it not?"

"Let me see. I think so. Yes."

"Had she been ill long?"

"Ill, yes; but not long in apparent danger."

"And she died on the evening of the fourth of March."

"Morning! On the *morning* of the fourth."

"Oh, morning was it? Ay, ay. I suppose her niece was with her to the last?"

"By an odd chance, I believe I was the last person who saw Lady Tallis alive."

"Really! Then I suppose her death took place very early—before you went to Westminster?"

"I did not go to Westminster to my office that day. I could not leave my mother and Maud—Miss Desmond—alone. I had no very special work on hand, and had taken a few days' leave of absence."

"I see, I see. Poor Lady Tallis! On Tuesday morning the fourth of March. At about ten or eleven o'clock, I suppose. You said it was in the forenoon, I think?"

Hugh could not but be struck by the coincidence of Mr. Frost's harping on the particulars of Lady Tallis's death, in the same way in which his mother had harped on them last night.

"Why, Mr. Frost," he said, abruptly, "is it a matter of any importance at what hour Lady Tallis died?"

Mr. Frost was in nowise disconcerted by the question, but answered with a complex frown on his knotted forehead, and a shrewd smile on his closed lips. "It may prove to be so, indeed, Hugh. It is astonishing on what small hinges an important matter may sometimes turn."

Hugh could not resist an uneasy feeling, like the first cold touch of suspicion, as he recalled his mother's manner of the previous evening. What was there—what *could* there be—to suspect? He did not know. But the cold touch was there, at his heart.

"Well," he answered, "if it *be* of importance, I believe I can set the matter at rest. She died—"

"Stop, Hugh! Wait a minute. Things of this kind are easily said, but not easily unsaid."

"*Unsaid!* I do not understand you."

"I mean that in a case where accuracy is of vital importance, a person not previously warned of this importance may speak thoughtlessly an *inaccurate* word to which he will stand committed, and which may produce a great deal of mischief."

"But I—"

"So," proceeded Mr. Frost, speaking through Hugh's words, "so I will, if you will allow me, explain to you how very important, to others, it is that you should weigh your words carefully."

Point by point, Mr. Frost went over the story he had told to Mrs. Lockwood. Hugh fixed his eyes on him while he spoke, with a candid, undisguised expression of wonder. Mr. Frost did not look at him often, though from time to time he met his eye openly and steadily. But he took a sheet of ruled paper that lay on the table before him, and, as he spoke, occupied his fingers in folding it over and over, with accurate care to make the creases correspond with the blue ruled lines.

When Mr. Frost had made an end of his story, he leaned back in his chair, and began twisting his folded paper into a spiral form.

"*Now*," said he, "are you quite sure you know at what hour Lady Tallis died?"

Hugh nodded his head gravely and slowly before he answered. "She died in time to make that marriage a good marriage, if her death were all that was necessary to do so."

The twisted paper in Mr. Frost's hands was suddenly rent in half throughout its folded thicknesses.

"Indeed? You speak very confidently, but your answer is not categorical. And the evidence may be conflicting. Your mother thought differently on this point."

"My mother! If my mother thought differently, she was mistaken. And by leading questions it may be possible to elicit an answer of whose bearing the answerer is not fully aware."

"Leading questions! You speak as though *I* had some advantage to gain by disproving this marriage! What in Heaven's name do you suppose it matters to me? I don't quite comprehend you, Hugh."

"And to say truth, Mr. Frost, I do not at all comprehend you."

"I have no taste for mystery, I assure you. Nor for Quixotism. It is, perhaps, not difficult to throw away other people's fortunes with a high-and-mighty flourish. I am a plain, cynical kind of man; and I should think twice before I did so."

No twinge of conscience prevented Mr. Frost's handsome face from being scornful, or weakened the contemptuous force of his shrug, as he said those words.

Hugh was pained and uneasy. His mother, then, had seen Mr. Frost! And she had been guilty of something like deception in suppressing the fact! This, to Hugh, was an almost intolerable thought. Yet he would not ask any questions, on this point, of Mr. Frost. After a pause he said: "I honestly do not know what you mean, or what you would have me do. I can but speak the truth!"

"Oh, of course," answered Mr. Frost, dryly. "The truth by all means; so soon as you are quite sure what *is* the truth. The other party intend to litigate."

"To litigate?"

"They intend to litigate, I *believe* (understand I am not acting for the soi-disant Lady Gale. Lovegrove is Miss Desmond's trustee and quasi-guardian, and there would be a certain indelicacy in one of the firm appearing on the other side); they intend to litigate, *unless* they find beforehand by testimony as to the period of Lady T.'s death that they haven't a leg to stand on!"

Hugh passed his hand over his forehead. Mr. Frost watched him keenly.

"There are circumstances in this case," said Mr. Frost, "which would render the publicity of litigation peculiarly painful. Miss Desmond's position would be most distressing."

Hugh continued to rub his forehead with the air of one trying to resolve a painful problem.

Mr. Frost got up and stood in his favorite posture with his back to the fire-place. He averted his gaze from Hugh, and played with his watch-chain. "My own impression is," he said, "that Lady T. died at a more convenient time for her niece's fortunes than you seem to think. Mrs. Lockwood, when I saw her yesterday—(Perhaps she did not mention having seen me? Ah! Well, it was quite a confidential interview)—Mrs. Lockwood was of opinion that if the thing rested on *her* testimony, and that of the servant, it would come right for Miss Desmond."

Hugh got up from his chair and stood opposite to Mr. Frost, looking at him with a very stern face. And his voice was louder than usual as he answered: "But the thing will rest on *my* testimony. And I have already told you to what effect my testimony will be." And he walked out of the office without another word.

Mr. Frost stood without moving for some time after Hugh was gone. Then he clasped his hands over his head wearily. "It *may* be," thought he, "that the marriage on shipboard was begun earlier than I fancied. People are so vague about time. We must make proper inquiries. But, by Jove, it will be a wonderfully close run!"

CHAPTER IV.

GOSSIP.

"I DON'T believe a word of it!" said Mrs. Lovegrove.

"My dear!" remonstrated her husband.

"I do not," repeated Mrs. Lovegrove, distinctly. Then she added, "Now I put it to you, Augustus, does this thing stand to reason?"

"It may not stand to reason, and yet it may be true, mamma. When a woman is in the case, things very often do not stand to reason; but they happen all the same," observed Augustus Lovegrove, junior.

There had been for some time past a tone of bitterness and misanthropy observable in this young gentleman's language and manners. He also frequented matins with inflexible punctuality, and dined off boiled greens and bread on Wednesdays and Fridays. This severe self-discipline and mortification was attributed by his mother and sisters to a disappointed attachment to Miss Desmond. But no word was ever spoken on the subject in the family when Augustus was present.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Lovegrove, gravely. "As regards men or women either, many things happen which one can't exactly say stand to reason."

"I have been told," said Mrs. Lovegrove, making her upper lip very long, "that my intellect is too logical for a woman's. If it be so, I can not help it. But, I repeat, I can *not* believe that that man"—here Mrs. Lovegrove shuddered—"committed such a horrible act of injustice at the very brink of the grave."

"I don't see any thing surprising in it. The man had been committing horrible acts of injustice all his life; and there was no reason to expect him to become a changed man at the last moment. Besides, it is not a question of what any body thinks, or of what seems likely or unlikely. The marriage either can be proved or it can not," said Mr. Lovegrove, folding back his *Times* newspaper so as to read it more conveniently, and giving it a sharp tap with the back of his hand.

"I would not for the world that the girls heard this repulsive story mentioned," said Mrs. Lovegrove.

"I don't see how you're to keep it from them," replied her husband. "They happen to be spending the day out to-day; but that is only once in a way. They will be at home to-morrow, and you can't prevent people chattering."

And, indeed, it was not long before the Miss Lovegroves were informed of the decease of Lady Tallis Gale's husband; and had heard of the person who claimed to be his widow; and of the large fortune depending on the issue; and of a great many details respecting the innermost thoughts and feelings of the parties concerned.

The Lovegroves' servants knew the story. So did the Frosts'. So did the little maid-of-all-work at Mrs. Lockwood's; and she retailed the relishing gossip to the green-grocer's wife, and to the baker, and to the milkman; and like a rolling snow-ball, the tale grew in the telling.

Mrs. Lovegrove, after her declaration of unbelief, sat and pondered on the extraordinary caprice of fortune which was said to have occurred.

She did not believe it. No; she did not believe it! But she should like to hear a few more particulars. It was really a long time since she had called on Mrs. Frost. Heaven forbid that she, Sarah Lovegrove, should be the one to bring dissension between partners! Poor Mrs. Frost's weak vanity was objectionable. But not for that would she abstain from paying her due civility, so long as such civility were not incompatible with principle. Sarah Lovegrove had ever been considered to possess a masculine intelligence, superior to the petty foibles of her sex.

The upshot of Mrs. Lovegrove's meditations was, that she sent for the fly which was hired out from an adjacent livery-stable, and was driven in state to Mr. Frost's residence.

It was a good opportunity. Her daughters were absent; and she would run no risk of contaminating their ears with the details of a kind of story with which, alas! elder persons were *obliged* to be acquainted in their journey through the world!

Mrs. Lovegrove always arrayed herself with especial care for a visit to Mrs. Frost. Her toilet on this occasion was a matter of more hesitation and mental debate than she would willingly have acknowledged even to herself. At one moment she would resolve to adhere to the strict principles that usually regulated her attire, and that resulted in the general sad-colored effect of it; at another, she would be tempted to relieve the leaden dullness by a bright bow of ribbon or a flower. She was divided between a desire to vindicate the strength of her intellect by showing herself to be above the frivolities of fashion, and a secret fear of Mrs. Frost's satirical glances, and, possibly, speeches.

Mrs. Lovegrove never confessed to herself that she was afraid of Mrs. Frost, and certainly the latter had no suspicion of the fact, but spoke to Mr. Frost of his partner's wife as "that self-sufficient, wooden-headed woman." Nevertheless, Mrs. Lovegrove was by no means self-sufficient enough to be indifferent to the opinion of Mrs. Frost. And she concealed more feminine gentleness and timidity under her hard exterior than had ever entered into the composition of the beautiful Georgina; which is not, however, saying much.

It was about half past four o'clock in the afternoon when Mrs. Lovegrove's fly drew up at the door of Mr. Frost's house. Mrs. Lovegrove was ushered into a small, shady drawing-room, where she found the hostess talking with a lady whose appearance struck Mrs. Lovegrove with amazement, mingled with disapproval. The visitor wore a brilliant costume made in the most girlish mode; and on the top of a heap of false hair, whose excessive quantity displayed a sovereign contempt for probability, was perched a small white hat adorned with peacock's feathers. As the face beneath the hat must have faced at least sixty summers, the contrast between it and its head-gear was startling.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Frost, in a tone that said plainly, Who would have thought of seeing *you!* "How do you do, Mrs. Lovegrove?"

Mrs. Lovegrove suddenly became conscious, as she sat down, of the disagreeable fact that her gloves were of a staring yellow color, which stood out objectionably against the leaden hue of her gown. She had hesitated long before putting on these gloves, but had at last decided on wearing them, as being the only spot of brightness about her attire. And now, when she saw Mrs. Frost's fine eyes lazily inspecting them, she became painfully aware that they were obtrusive, that they attracted the eye to every movement of her hands, and that she could not so much as raise her handkerchief to her face without demonstratively exhibiting two yellow glaring patches.

But Mrs. Lovegrove was not one of those whose emotions are quickly translated into the expression of their faces; she seated herself opposite to the mistress of the house with a stern countenance.

"You have got Mr. Frost back again," she said, after the first greetings were over. "How is he?"

"Well, really," rejoined Mrs. Frost, "you ought to know better than I do! You people at Bedford Square have more of his company than I have."

"But he is at home generally in the evenings, my dear, is he not?" asked she of the peacock's feathers.

"Sometimes. But in the evening *I* am often out."

"Out?"

"Yes. I am never sure whether he will be at home or not, and so I do not put off my engagements."

"Well, *I* wouldn't stir if I were in your place. I would give up fifty engagements for the chance of having a long evening with Mr. Frost."

"I am sure Mr. Frost would be immensely obliged to you, Betsy! I'll tell him," said Georgina, with a languid smile.

All this time Mrs. Lovegrove was sitting silent, with her yellow gloves folded in her lap. She felt very uncomfortable. She had thought to find Mrs. Frost alone, and to have drawn from her some word about the business which had so excited her curiosity. But Mrs. Lovegrove was not recklessly indiscreet; she would not have thought of touching on the topic before a stranger, although she would have thought it fair to find out, if she could, all that Mrs. Frost knew about it. And now here was this simpering old woman, in whose presence she could not say a word, and whose dress Mrs. Lovegrove was inclined to consider a disgrace to a Christian country. And, besides, neither Mrs. Frost nor her guest seemed to take any notice of her!

The simpering old woman, however, very unexpectedly turned round just as Mrs. Lovegrove was thinking these thoughts, and said, in a brisk, good-humored manner: "Now I want you to present me to Mrs. Lovegrove, Georgina."

Mrs. Frost somewhat ungraciously complied.

"Miss Boyce—Mrs. Lovegrove."

"I am an old friend of Mrs. Frost's," said Miss Boyce, "and I don't approve of the fashion of not introducing people."

"Every body is supposed to know every body else," said Mrs. Frost.

Mrs. Lovegrove quite understood that she, who lived in Bedford Square, was not included in the "every body." But she merely bowed rather grimly, and said nothing.

"Oh, but that's a very nonsensical supposition, my dear," returned Betsy Boyce, waving her hand up and down contemptuously. "That rule can only apply to a very limited and exclusive circle indeed; and not to your 'every body,' nor my 'every body' either!"

Mrs. Lovegrove felt quite grateful to this odd little person; and began to think that her gay petticoat was not quite so short as she had at first supposed.

"Well; and isn't this a queer business about Sir John Tallis?" proceeded Miss Boyce, without the least circumlocution.

Mrs. Lovegrove, being uncertain how much the other woman knew, shook her head mysteriously, and said, "But is it all true that we hear?"

"All true? I should suppose not. Very few things that one hears are *all* true. But I believe there is no doubt that the man is dead—died rather suddenly I was told—and that he has left a tangle of trouble behind him. Unravel it who can!"

"What has he left?" asked Mrs. Frost. She had been leaning back in her chair calculating how many yards of some fine old point lace that she had seen would suffice to trim her purple velvet gown, and wondering whether Mr. Frost's business in Naples had gone well enough to make him generous with his money.

"My goodness, Georgina! I say he has left misery and worry and vexation, and perhaps worse, behind him."

"How do you mean?"

"How do I mean! Why only think what a dreadful position that poor dear girl, the nicest, sweetest creature, Maud Desmond, will be placed in! They say that that young woman, the vicar's daughter—I'm sorry to say I have a very bad opinion of *her*, and had from the first moment I saw her handsome face—claims to be Sir John's widow. And Maud Desmond was brought up with her as a sister. The vicar is her guardian. Poor Lady Tallis was her aunt. I never heard of such a horrid entanglement."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Frost, "if Miss Desmond cares about the person who went abroad with Sir John Gale, I suppose she will find it more satisfactory that her friend should have been duly married to him."

"But, my goodness, Georgina, you don't appear to understand the case," said Miss Boyce, impetuously.

"No, I dare say I do not," replied Mrs. Frost, with a shrug which said plainly, "and I don't care to understand it."

Miss Boyce chattered volubly, pouring out statements, some of which were true, some founded on fact, and some as airily unreal as the "baseless fabric of a vision." She had heard something of a will left by Sir John Gale; but that part of her information was very vague and confused. Some people had told her that Miss Desmond would inherit a million of money; others declared that the vicar's daughter would have it all; a third story was that Sir John had bequeathed the bulk of his wealth to a newly-discovered relative of his in Naples.

"But how in the world did you hear all this?" asked Mrs. Lovegrove, during a breathless pause in Miss Boyce's talk.

Miss Boyce was rather flattered by the question.

"Oh, my dear soul," she answered, smiling shrewdly, "although I do not know quite 'every body,' I have a considerable circle of acquaintance nevertheless. And as to hearing, I never wonder at people hearing of things; I'm only puzzled when they *don't* hear of 'em! The world is very small, after all. And I declare to you that I often solemnly thank Providence that I have no episode in my life to hide, either for my own sake or any one else's; for I protest on my honor the fable of the ostrich burying his head in the sand is a trifle to the sort of thing I observe in the world, where, positively, people will tie a bit of a gauze veil over their noses, and fancy that nobody can see through it!"

Mrs. Lovegrove returned to Bedford Square primed with intelligence, which, like a good wife, she was minded dutifully to share with her husband.

But he met her first words with a grave admonition to say as little as possible on the subject of Sir John Tallis Gale's affairs.

"Frost brings a queer account of the state of the case. There is, it seems, a will. But if the second marriage be proved valid, the will is, of course, waste paper," said Mr. Lovegrove.

"My dear Augustus, let me understand! Who inherits the property under the will?"

"The last person one would expect to inherit it: Miss Desmond!"

Mrs. Lovegrove's maternal thoughts flew back to her son. *If* Maud should prove to be an heiress, and *if* she could be induced to like Augustus!

She said a word or two on the subject to her husband. But Mr. Lovegrove's feeling on the matter was not quite in harmony with her own.

"Augustus is a capital fellow," said the father; "but I don't believe he has a chance in that quarter."

"Why not? He would be a husband any young woman ought to be proud and thankful to win!"

"I suppose most mothers say the same of their sons, Sarah. But put the case that our Dora were to come into a great fortune, would you think such a young man as Augustus a fitting match for her?"

"That's quite different—"

"Aha! It is, is it?"

"Be so good as not to interrupt me, Mr. Lovegrove. I mean—I mean—that I don't know where to find such another young man as Augustus. I'm sure *any* girl might go down on her knees and thank Heaven for such a husband as Augustus."

"Did you go down on your knees and thank Heaven, when I proposed to you, Sally? I don't much believe in the girls doing that sort of thing."

And then Mr. Lovegrove retired behind his newspaper, and no more was said on the subject between the husband and wife.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE query is, shall we have January in May, since we enjoyed something very like May during January? The "oldest inhabitant" seldom has experienced any thing like it. And our charming days *have* been delightful for walks and rides—only, all the while, ominous predictions have been sounding in our ears of fearful blocking snow-storms in February, of tornadoes in March, and frost-nipped buds in April and May. And when July comes, shall we have any ice to use in those many luxurious ways which have become almost a necessary part of our summer existence in the city?

There have been many versions of the story of George Peabody's early love. The facts are said to be that, about thirty years ago, a young lady of Providence, having finished her school education, went to Europe; but not before she had given her affections to a young man living in Philadelphia. The young man, however, met with misfortune, and was in no situation to marry; and, unwilling that the lady should waste her youth in long years of waiting, he released her from her engagement. In Europe she met George Peabody, then, comparatively speaking, a young man, but one who was already making his mark. He was struck with her grace and loveliness, and, though her heart still clung to her loved one across the Atlantic, after a time she became his affianced wife. When she returned to this country, and met her first love, all her former affection came back, if, indeed, it had ever left her, and she was willing to share a moderate income with him. All was told to Mr. Peabody, and he, with that manliness that characterized his every action, gave her up, and in due time she was married. The marriage proved a happy one; and the lady is now a widow, living in Massachusetts.

England printed last year five hundred novels and five hundred children's books, either new or new editions of old works; and enough other new books to bring the number up to 4500.

Many sensational reports have been circulated respecting the prevalence of small-pox in our city at this time. It is undoubtedly true that the disease has existed to some extent in some of the most wretched and densely populated sections of the city. This has been the result of natural causes, was long ago predicted, and has been guarded against by our Board of Health with all possible care. The disease is not spreading now, but, on the contrary, diminishing, in consequence of the vigorous measures taken. A large number of the poorer classes have been unprotected by vaccination, and, of course, any contagion arriving unawares from foreign ports was likely to spread. The officers of the Board of Health have made most ample arrangements for all to avail themselves of this simple preventive, using the most scrupulous care that the vaccine virus should be fresh and pure.

Many question the protective power of vaccination. In regard to this point statistics show that no death from small-pox or varioloid has occurred among the fifty thousand persons who have been vaccinated within the past year under the superintendence of the Metropolitan Board of Health. Those public schools in the city in which the rule of vaccination has been thoroughly observed are free from the disease. Before vaccination was introduced into New York about one hundred in every one thousand deaths were from small-pox; but since that time—more than half a century ago—only about seventeen in one thousand have perished from that disease. So that facts show that death from small-pox has kept pace with the universality of vaccination among the people.

During the recent severe illness of Victor Emanuel, the Pope rescinded the excommunication which had been pronounced against him, so that in case of death the soul of the excommunicated monarch might take its flight to purgatory, instead of hell. To every body's surprise the King of Italy rapidly recovered. The Pope did not reckon upon this; and now the question is, shall the royal convalescent be re-excommunicated by Pope and Council?

M. Ollivier, the new Prime Minister of France, is very simple in his habits. He receives his friends only at breakfast. He dines at seven o'clock, goes to bed early, and rises at six or seven o'clock. He drinks only water, never smokes, seldom goes to the theatre, and then only to hear the music. So says the *Court Journal.*

Madame Ristori has met with brilliant success in Brazil, and the Emperor has been one of her most enthusiastic and demonstrative admirers.

The emancipation of the Russian serfs will be complete during February, and they will be allowed to settle where they please. It is probable that many of those who now inhabit the northern districts will make use of their liberty to emigrate to the south, where the land is exceedingly fertile, and work will be more remunerative. This, however, will be hard for those who remain, as emancipation dues are levied not on the individual, but on the commune; and if the emigration is any thing like so extensive as good judges expect it will be, it must reduce the communes in the north to utter ruin, besides causing heavy losses to the government.

How convenient it might be in times when food is scarce and high if human beings possessed the power of the synapta, a curious creature which lives in the sea—and looks like a cucumber of variable dimensions! When this animal is subjected to a forced fast a singular phenomenon is observed. It successively detaches various parts of its own body, which it amputates spontaneously. A great compression, or ring, is first formed, and then the separation of the condemned part takes place quite suddenly. Apparently the animal, feeling that it has not sufficient food to support its whole body, is able to suppress the parts which it would be most difficult to support.

A party of young men in Springfield, Ohio, spent a part of New-Year's Day in firing salutes from their revolvers. One of the number afterward complained of not feeling well. No special trouble was experienced through the day, but at night on examination a bullet hole was found in the rim of his hat, and upon further search it appeared that the bullet which had pierced his hat had also entered his head, although he declared he was not aware of it, and suffered no inconvenience from it. The young man was not at his own home at this time; but the next evening he went home, and upon stating the facts to his parents medical aid was summoned. Two physicians examined the wound, and came to the conclusion that the ball which had entered his head had lodged under the frontal bone, the young man at times complaining of a dull pain in his right temple. He has not been prostrated a day by the wound; goes about as if nothing had happened, although some of the attending physicians declare that the ball must have passed through the skull.

A most singular case of depravity is mentioned in a Philadelphia paper. A young woman, only twenty-one years old, is stated to be one of the moving spirits of a gang in that city known as the "Forty Thieves." She is called the "Queen," and goes wherever the gang goes, doing the cooking for the vagabonds who compose it. She says that she is the daughter of a local preacher living in Germantown, who once was a minister to India. But to all entreaties of parents and friends to return home she has turned a deaf ear. Some strange influence must have induced a young girl to such a course of life.

Never was religious charity paraded in a more grotesque and silly form than in a list of contributions to the "Jubilee Fund," a religious society which has recently sprung up in London. A few examples of the entries will be sufficient for our readers: "Mr. Henry K——, for a Manx wife and nine children, whom the Lord has graciously given to his servant, £20; Mr. W. H——, in remembrance of two beloved wives in heaven, and in memory of having heard the Rev. J. Wesley preach in Wallingford, £1 5s.; Mr. John W——, as an expression of gratitude for an excellent wife in heaven, and an excellent wife on earth, £21; a thank-offering for five precious children, yet lent unto me to cheer and gladden my widowed heart, £5 for each, £25; for Anna, my precious partner for thirty-one years, now beholding the King in his glory, £5."

The valuable library and art gallery which Mr. James Lenox has offered as a free gift to our citizens will be a treasure to the public, and particularly to American scholars. Many years have been spent in completing this "collection of manuscripts, printed books, engravings, maps, statuary, paintings, drawings, and other works of art;" and the value of it can scarcely be estimated. An act incorporating the Trustees of the Lenox Library has passed both branches of the State Legislature. The donor of this collection has also offered, as a site for a building, such real estate in the vicinity of the Central Park as may be required, and $300,000 in money. Two-thirds of this sum are to be expended in the erection of a suitable building, and the remainder to be devoted to necessary attendant expenses.

The *Couton du Nil* is very fashionable just now among the ladies of the French court. But let not our fair readers ignorantly desire to follow the style, for by it her Majesty is prevented from wearing low dresses for a while! This local scourge, irritating, but not dangerous, generally chooses the hands or feet for its habitat; but, both with her Majesty and Madame de la Poëze, it has taken possession of the neck. Doctors are yet in doubt as to the origin of the spiteful little eruption. Some declare it to be occasioned by the larva of the worm peculiar to the mud of the Nile; others attribute it to the sand-fly, which, in search of moisture, buries itself beneath the skin. The irritation produced is painful in the extreme, and every individual in her Majesty's suit has suffered more or less from its attacks.

Rumor says that, not long ago, Senator Hamlin, being requested to frank some letters, complied with the request by placing three-cent stamps on them, and then returned them to the writers to be regularly mailed.

Another terrible kerosene accident. One morning last week a woman living in Brooklyn, while building the fire, took a can of kerosene and poured it upon the coals, to make them kindle more quickly. The fire communicated to the can, which instantly exploded, scattering the burning oil over the woman's garments. A little two-year-old child, seeing her mother in flames, ran to help her, and took hold of her clothing, when her dress also caught fire, and before assistance could reach them they were both so badly burned that nothing could be done to save them. After lingering in great agony, they died the next day.

According to Paris papers the price of oysters has become so fabulously high that a new shell-fish has come to the rescue, which not only answers the same purpose as the oyster, but is in some respects an improvement upon it! The new shell-fish is the "palourde;" it is a bivalve smaller than the oyster, and of a more elliptical form. It can be eaten like the oyster, but has this advantage, that it can be dressed like the mussel with the most satisfactory results.

Professor Agatino Longo, of the University of Catania, has lately published at Rome a philosophical work which is designed to counteract the "immoral" tendencies of modern science. The following passage may serve to show the spirit in which it is written:

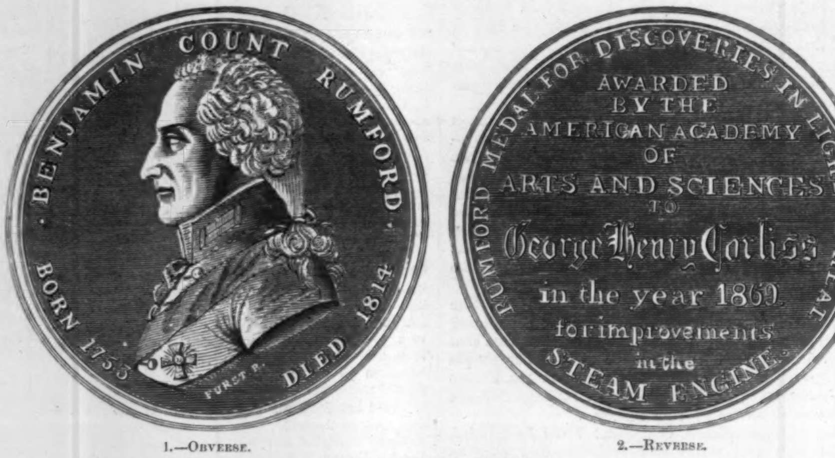
> "Only Catholicism could produce a Dante, a Tasso, a Galileo, a Columbus. The anti-Catholic sects can do nothing but state paradoxes and sow ignorance. What has Natural Philosophy been from the time of Newton till our own?—A myth. What is Newton's theory of attraction?—The height of extravagance. Who are the most thought-confusing sophists in the world?—The astronomers with their attraction of gravitation, and the natural philosophers with their mechanical theory of heat. When will an orthodox and sensible philosophy again rise?—When the theories of gravitation and affinity, the central fire, and Humboldt's 'Kosmos' are banished to the region of chimeras. A single man rises superior to all others, of whatever class and whatever station they may be. He is Pius IX., Rome's great priest. His word has authority, and before him the mighty men of earth and the wise men of this world shall bow their heads."

An interesting fragment of about eight hundred lines of an early History of the Holy Grail, in alliterative verse, has been found in the Vernon MS. in the Bodleian library, by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat. The fragment is without beginning or end, but it describes chiefly the wondrous shield prepared by Evalash or Mordreins (Slow-of-belief) for his descendant Sir Galahad. This alliterative Grail fragment is to be published at an early day.

The death is announced of the Baron Schmidt von der Launitz, the sculptor. He was a native of Courland, and long a resident at Frankfort, where he died at the age of seventy-four years. His most important work is the monument to the first printers, Gutenberg, Faust, and Schoeffer, erected in Frankfort about thirteen years ago.

THE RUMFORD MEDALS.

In 1796 Count **Rumford**, in a letter addressed to **John Adams**, requested the American Academy of Arts and Sciences to accept five thousand dollars in United States stocks, the interest of which was to be applied to premiums to American authors of important discoveries, improvements, or inventions in regard to light and heat. The premiums were to consist of two medals, one of gold and one of silver, together of the intrinsic value of three hundred dollars. At a recent meeting of the Academy, in Boston, these medals (of which engravings will be found on this page) were awarded to Mr. **George H. Corliss**, of Providence, Rhode Island. The presentation was made by Dr. **Asa Gray**, President of the Academy, with the following remarks.



1.—Obverse. 2.—Reverse.

THE RUMFORD MEDAL.

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT.

Gentlemen of the Academy:

At the last anniversary meeting, after a careful investigation by your appropriate committee, you awarded the Rumford Medal to Mr. **George H. Corliss**, for improvements of the steam-engine. The gold medal and a silver duplicate have been struck, and are now before us. The inventor whose genius you have thus recognized has responded to our call, and is now present. If it be your pleasure, these medals will now be consigned to his hands.

Mr. Corliss:

The trust which our countryman, Count **Rumford**, charged this Academy to administer empowered it to award these medals "to the author of any important discovery or useful improvement on light or on heat, which shall have been made and published by printing, or in any way made known to the public, in any part of the continent of America, or of any of the American islands—preference being always given to such discoveries as shall, in the opinion of the Academy, tend most to promote the good of mankind."

As this is only the fifth occasion since the foundation of the trust upon which this premium has been given, it may well be inferred that the Academy has in no case bestowed it inconsiderately.

It has required the discovery or invention to be real, original, and important. It is not restricted to considerations of direct practical benefit, but it may, as it did in the first instance, in the case of the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, honor a discovery of much scientific interest, the uses of which are limited. It would not hesitate to crown any successful, however recondite or theoretical investigation, within the assigned domain, being confident that no considerable increase of our knowledge of the laws and forces of Nature is likely to remain unfruitful. But the Academy rejoices when, as now, it can signalize an invention which unequivocally tends to promote that which the founder had most at heart, and commended to our particular regard, the material good of mankind.

Without entering into details, it will be possible to state the ground upon which the present award has been made. It is for the abolition of the throttle-valve of the steam-engine, and the transference of the regulation by the governor to a system of induction-valves of your own invention; with the advantage of a large saving in fuel, and, what is often more important in manufacturing industry, the maintenance of perfectly uniform motion under varying work.

Previous to your improvements the regulation of the power and velocity of the steam-engine was universally effected by an instrument placed in the steam-pipe, well named the throttle-valve, being used to choke off the steam in its passage from the boiler, to reduce more or less its pressure before it was allowed to act within the engine. Avoiding this wasteful process, your engine embodies within itself a principle by which it appropriates the full, direct, and expansive force of the steam, and measures out for itself at each stroke, with the utmost precision, the exact quantity necessary to maintain the power required.

In the most approved engines previously used for manufacturing purposes, the valves employed were comparatively difficult to operate, too far from the piston, and in other respects unfit for working in connection with the governor. Their abandonment, and the substitution of others suitable for the purpose that you had in view, demanded an entire change in the structure of the engine.

In the reconstruction your mastery of the resources of mechanism is conspicuously shown. You introduced four valves to the cylinder, two for the induction and two for the eduction of the steam; and by your device of a wrist-plate you give to each valve a rapid motion in opening and closing, and a slow motion after the closing has been effected, thus securing a perfection in valve movements never before attained. The special object of these changes, and the *gist* of your invention, was to place the induction-valves under the control of the governor, by which they are operated in opening through a mechanism from which they are released earlier or later in the stroke of the piston, according as more or less power is demanded of the engine—the governor, with extreme sensibility, determining the point where the supply of steam should be cut off. Thus, at every stroke of the piston, just so much steam is accurately meted out to the cylinder as is needed to maintain uniform velocity, and left to expand then, and by its expansion develop the maximum of propelling force.

Allow me to read to the Academy a brief account of the Corliss engine, by one of the most eminent of British engineers, Mr. J. **Scott Russell**, which must needs be free from personal or national prepossession. It is from one of the official reports on the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1867:

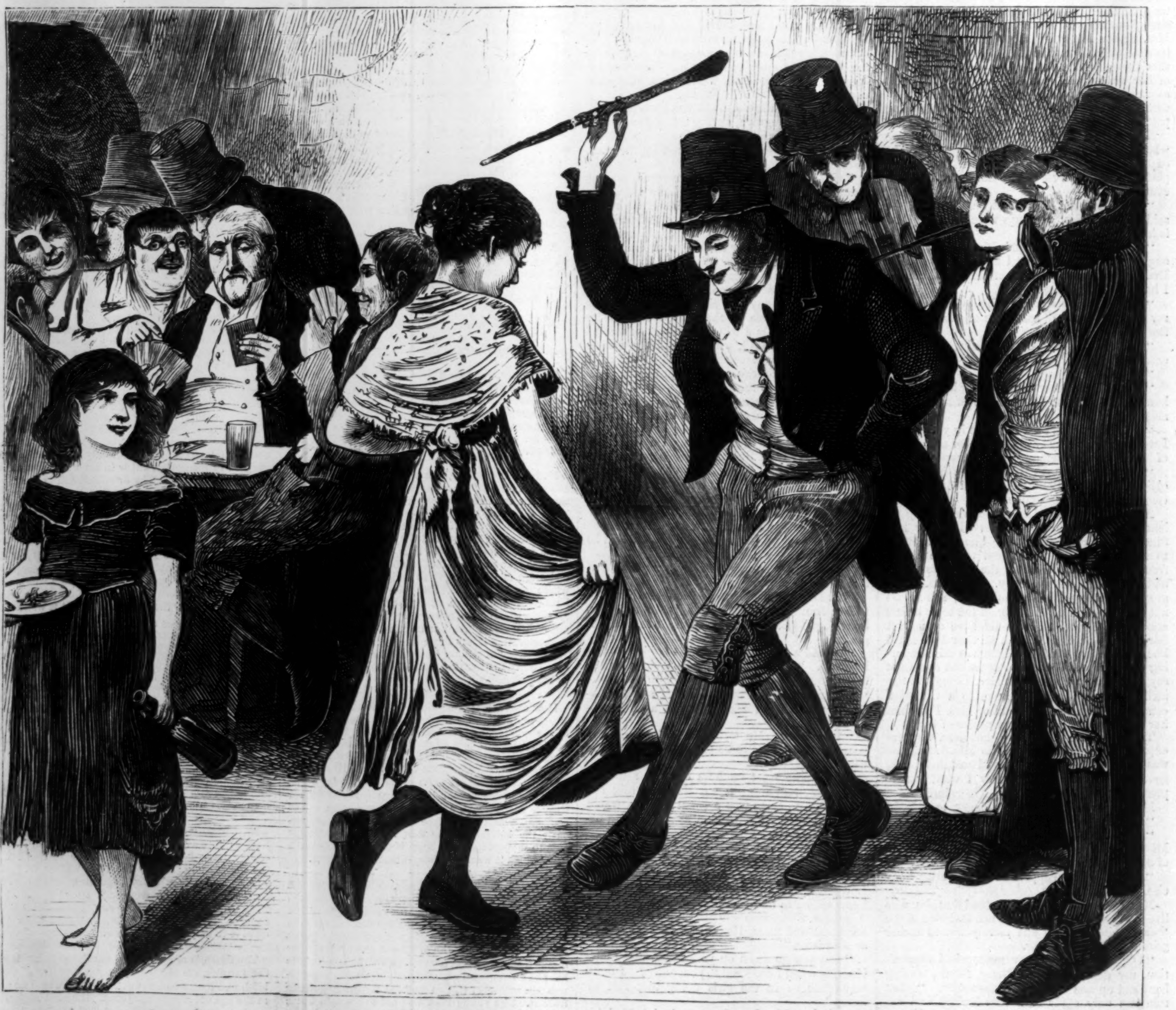
"A third remarkable engine is American, both in invention and execution, and forms perhaps the most remarkable feature of the American department. It exhibits thoughtful design, ingenious contrivance, refined skill, and admirable execution. It is singularly unlike an English engine. It has four ports on four different parts of the cylinder, two on one side and two on the opposite, each worked by a separate mechanism. These ports are worked by valves, not sliding, like our own, on flat surfaces, but sliding valves on cylindrical surfaces. Close up to the cylinder these valves cut off the steam with scarce a particle of waste room, and so economize to the utmost the high-pressure steam which they admit, and which they use as expansively and as sparingly as possible. The mechanism by which these valves are moved is to our eye outlandish and extraordinary; but it is, in truth, refined, elegant, most effectual, and judicious; it spares steam to the utmost, but develops what it uses to most effect. Then it proportions in an admirable way the doses of steam it serves out to the continually-varying quantity of work the engine has to do. The mechanism of its mechanical governor is wonderfully delicate and direct; the governor is sensitive to the most delicate changes of speed, and feels the slightest demand upon the engine for more or less work and steady speed. A mechanism as beautiful as the human hand releases or retains its grasp of the feeding-valve, and gives a greater or less dose of steam in nice proportion to each varying want. The American engine of **Corliss** every where tells of wise forethought, judicious proportion, sound execution, and exquisite contrivance."

It appears that within the twenty years since this machinery was perfected more than 1000 engines of the kind have been built in the United States, and several hundreds in other countries, giving an aggregate of not less than 250,000 horse-power; that, as to economy of fuel, evidence has been afforded to the Rumford Committee showing a saving over older forms of engine of about one-third. As to its other crowning excellence, uniformity of velocity, the purchasers of one of the engines, now in its eighteenth year of service, certify that, with the power varying from 60 to 360 horse-power within a minute, the speed of the engine is not perceptibly affected.

It is worth noting that when these medals were voted to you, Mr. **Corliss**, just a century had passed since **James Watt** first patented his improvements of the steam-engine. The vast results of these improvements—the difference between the engine when **Watt** found it and when he left it—make one of the most important chapters in the history of applied science. It is a great thing to say, but I may not withhold the statement, that, in the opinion of those who have officially investigated the matter, no one invention since **Watt**'s time has so enhanced the efficiency of the steam-engine as this for which the Rumford Medal is now presented to you.

If **Watt**, or his partner **Bolton**, could boast that they held the supply of that which almost every body longed to have, *power*, you may justly felicitate yourself, and permit us to felicitate you, upon your ability to supply a greater amount of steam-power for the expenditure, and an exacter nicety in its governance, than any of your predecessors.

In acknowledgment of this benefit, the American



NEW-YEAR'S EVE IN IRELAND.—[See Page 109.]

Academy, administering Count Rumford's trust, now, by the hands of its presiding officer, presents to you these honorable testimonials of its high appreciation of what you have done. And the Fellows here assembled join with me, I am sure, in most sincere and hearty wishes that you may long enjoy this and similar distinctions, along with more material rewards of your genius and skill—hoping also that these may still be fruitful in yet other inventions, redounding to your honor and advantage, and to the promotion of the good of mankind.

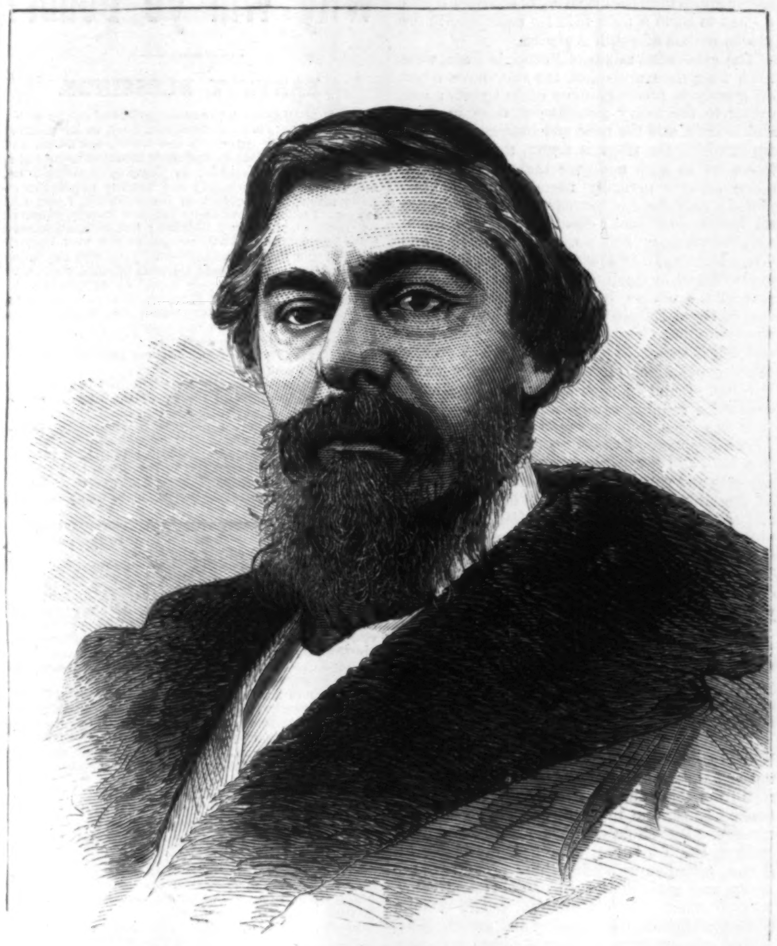
Mr. Corliss accepted the medals, and replied as follows:

Mr. President:

Competitive honors are the reward of effort, stimulated by rivalry and ambition. But this honor comes from gentlemen who scan the whole field of science and art, and in deliberate council make their awards in discharge of a sacred trust. To this consideration I add the historical associations connected with the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and the scientific fame of its members; and I receive this testimonial with grateful acknowledgment of a distinguished honor.

AERIAL VOYAGES.

A number of French and English artists went up in balloons last year to take bird's-eye views of the world. If they didn't go quite up to the moon, they went nearer to our planetary neighbor than any living creature had gone before; and from that celestial height obtained most extensive panoramas of the various countries of Europe. This pursuit of "high art" was not unattended with dangers and perilous adventures, such as the one represented by the artist on this page. In this instance, Mr. Glaisher, Director of the Meteorological Observatory of Greenwich, England, with a companion named Coxwell, ascended to an elevation of more than 34,000 feet above the level of the sea, and higher than the loftiest mountain peak of the globe. From this point the panoramic view of the country spread out beneath them was truly magnificent; but the cold was intense, the air almost too thin for respiration; and Mr. Glaisher, while engaged in making observations, suddenly fainted and became insensible. Mr. Coxwell endeavored to open the throttle-valve, in order to descend, but the valve-cord had become so entangled that this was impossible. Perceiving but one way to preserve his life and that of his companion, the daring aeronaut climbed up to where he could reach and open the valve. His movement caused the balloon to oscillate in the most frightful manner, and whirl in tremendous circles through the attenuated atmosphere. Had his benumbed hands slipped on the cords to which he clung, he must have been precipitated headlong downward through the enormous gulf of space, while the balloon, freed from his weight, would have shot up into a still rarer atmosphere, where it must have burst. Fortunately his strong brain withstood the delirium of that tremendous waltz with the balloon, and his life and that of his companion were saved.


THOMAS C. DURANT.

Our second illustration exhibits the singular appearance of the white mountains of cloud beheld, from the balloon called L'Entreprenant, by M. W. de Fonville, in his second ascent, on March 22, 1868, from La Villette, near Paris. They looked quite solid, like a snow-covered range of the Alps viewed from the Görner or the Breithorn; and their aspect is well represented by the engraving.

THOMAS C. DURANT.

Thomas Clark Durant, whose portrait we give on this page, has just reached the age of fifty, having been born at Lee, Massachusetts, on the 6th of February, 1820. He was educated as a physician, and took his degree, but without going into practice betook himself early to other pursuits. He has been largely interested in the construction of important railroads in this country, especially in the West, and was the leading spirit in pushing the Pacific Railroad to completion, holding much the same relation to that important enterprise as M. Lesseps holds to the Suez Canal. When the last tie was laid he retired from the management of the road, and is now devoting his energies to the construction of a railway through the Northern Wilderness, from Saratoga to Ogdensburg.

Mr. Durant has at times taken a leading part in important stock speculations in Wall Street, where he is known as a bold, far-seeing, and successful operator. Of late, however, he has paid but little attention to stocks. He is a gentleman of large means, liberal style of living, and is known among yachtsmen as the owner of the *Idler*, a yacht which has won several races in the contests of the squadron. Among all who know him he has a high reputation for business probity, cultivated taste, and genial liberality, and the social qualities that win respect and attract friends.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE IN IRELAND.

The jolly scene depicted on page 108 is a gathering of Irish peasants, assembled in a snug old cabin to dance the New Year in in their own merry-hearted way. It is a poor place where they hold their revelry. By day the pigs whine and grunt about the floor, and make dashing forays in search of potato-skins. The earth floor is worn into holes, where the children sail ships in the rain-water that drips from the roof. There are old hats stuffed in the broken windows; and in every nook and corner are seen evidences of improvidence, idleness, and carelessness. Nevertheless, happiness has not entirely deserted the old cabin. To-night all troubles are forgotten—the absentee landlord, the hard, grasping agent, the bad times, the indifferent harvest—and every one is enjoying himself, the old people at cards, and the young folks courting or dancing.

There is no evening to be called an evening in Ireland without a fight; and perhaps an hour or two later, when the priest has arrived to take charge of the ceremonies, and the whisky has circulated freely in glasses, egg-shells, and scooped potatoes, a hasty blow or word from some jealous lover may bring on the fun. When the shillalahs have had their turn the priest will set them quiet in a moment. "Why, you murtherers," he'll bawl, "you misguided Antinomian Episcopalians, you vile Mohammedan impostors, are you going to commit murther? Down with your sticks, or I'll turn you into stocks and stones where you stand, and make world's wonders of you as long as you live and breathe!" Then peace will descend upon the cabin, and all will gather about the supper-table, at which his reverence will preside. The mirth may be boisterous at these revels, the appointments rough, the guests humble; but you will have to travel far before you hear sharper wit, or find more real enjoyment.

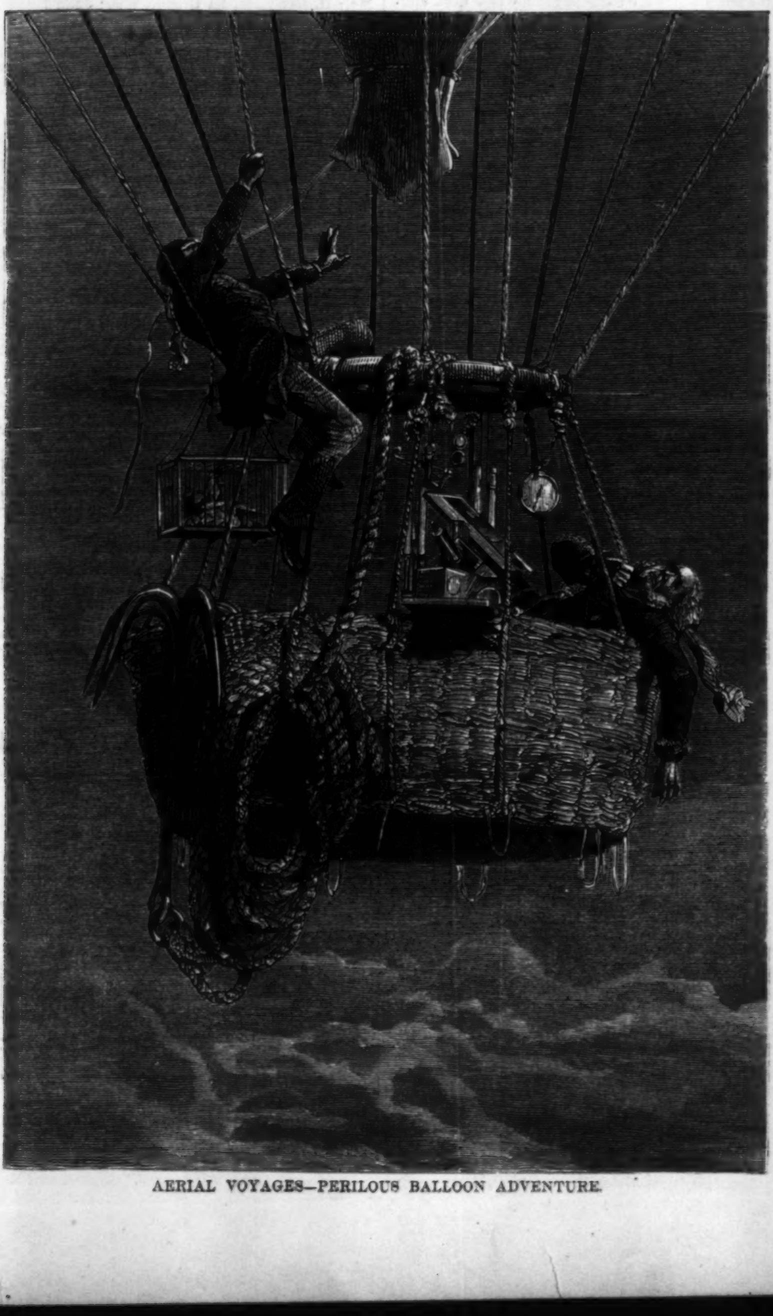
THE SARDINE FISHERY AT NANTES.

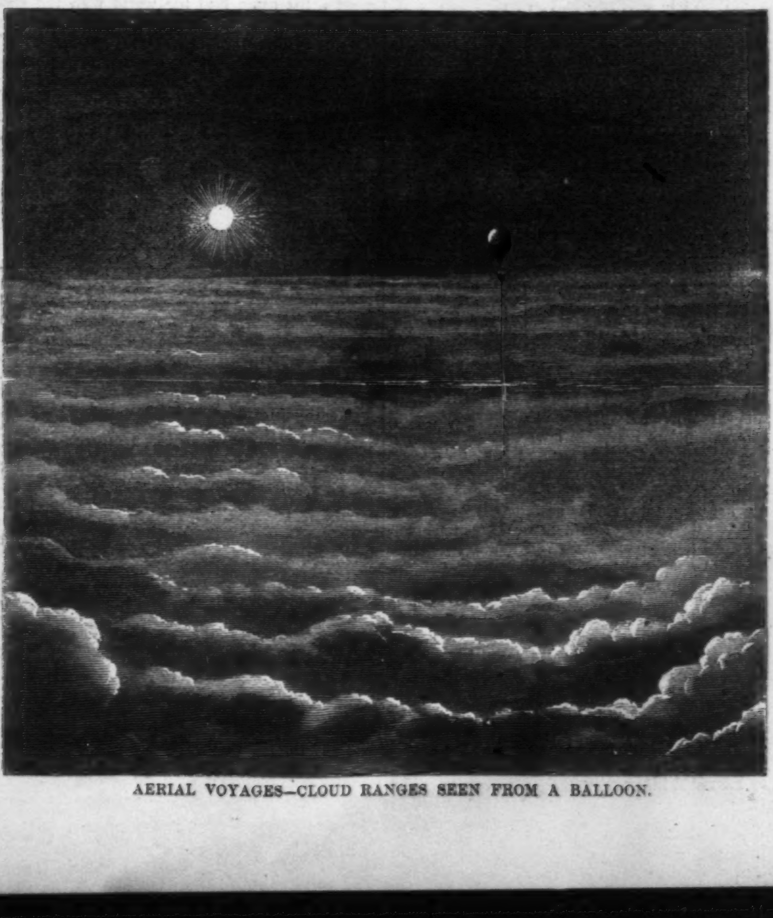
Sardines are the young of the pilchard (*Clupea pilchardus*). They get the name of sardines from having been formerly caught in great quantities at the island of Sardinia. They are still largely taken in the Mediterranean, but for export trade chiefly off the western coast of France. The bait is of prepared cod-roe, called *rogue*, and the sardines are inclosed in fine-meshed nets, when they come to the surface to eat the *rogue*. They are beheaded, pressed into tins, covered with oil, and soldered up. Sham sardines are largely sold, preserved and packed like the real ones. These are sprats, young herrings, or any young fish with sufficient resemblance to a sardine to pass muster. It is very difficult, when these so-called sardines are headless and pressed flat in oil, to tell them from the real ones.

The fishing begins at the end of May, and finishes toward the early part of November. The fish make their appearance in the Bay of Biscay toward Les Sables d'Olonnes, Vendée, and come up as far as Douarnenez, Bretagne, and remain between those places all summer. They are not to be found above or below those places. The sardines when they first appear are small, and begin to become larger in July. However, they generally remain small at Les Sables d'Olonnes, and much too large at Douarnenez.

From two to three thousand boats, with five men in each, are employed in the fishery. The fishing takes place from three to twenty miles from the coast. The sardines are baited with *fish spawn*, called *rogue*, coming generally from Norway, in barrels of about 135 kilos. During the season of the fishing from 28,000 to 30,000 barrels of this spawn are employed.

As soon as the sardines are landed they are


AERIAL VOYAGES—PERILOUS BALLOON ADVENTURE.


AERIAL VOYAGES—CLOUD RANGES SEEN FROM A BALLOON.

prepared, boiled in salad oil, and put into tin boxes, then recovered with fresh oil, and soldered up.

The greatest activity is necessary in the preparation to obtain the good qualities that depend particularly on the freshness of the fish, and the choice of *good olive-oil* is most essential. The less the sardines are touched the better they are. This is the reason (too much handling) why the sardines without bones have been soon discredited.

The quantity prepared every year, under favorable circumstances, is about 25,000,000 canisters of half size. The quarter and whole canisters are included in this calculation. The quantity prepared at four fishing-places on the coast of Brittany is, according to the good or bad circumstances of the fishing, from 1,700,000 to 2,000,000 half canisters of the *largest size.*

GEORGE PEABODY.

"Write him as one who loved his fellow-men."

PLACE among the illustrious dead!
Lo, a hero comes!
Not with tramp of martial tread;
Not with muffled drums;
But a nation's tears, to-day,
Speak a *good man* passed away,

Much of glittering gold he gained,
Earth's most-sought-for treasure;
Not to build a vaunted name;
Not for selfish pleasure;
But to cast, with liberal hand,
Richest gifts throughout the land!

Many a pleasant home he reared;
And the poor man's blessing,
Like a sunbeam, followed him,
With a mute caressing;
Wafted unto heaven in prayer,
Found his name acceptance there!

Famine, gaunt, forsook the path,
From his steps retreating:
Saddest faces smiling grew
At his kindly greeting;
For he passed not coldly by,
With proud mien and careless eye.

So his life has sweetly passed,
Fellow-men befriending;
Now he reaps a harvest rich
That shall know no ending:
Heaven's approving smile is won,
And the Master says, "Well-done!"

SILVER.

SILVER is the most useful, if not the most valuable, of the precious metals; and if it is not invested with the same marvelous and romantic interest as its companion, gold, there is still much that is interesting about its history and its manufacture.

Silver has a specific gravity of 10.50; it is less hard than gold, but harder than copper, and in a pure state may easily be cut with a knife. Inferior only to gold in malleability, it can be beaten out into a leaf $\frac{1}{100000}$ of an inch in thickness; while in tenacity it surpasses its more valuable rival—a wire one-twelfth of an inch thick being capable of supporting a weight of nearly 200 pounds. One of the most remarkable properties of silver, however, is that it reflects light and heat more completely than any other metal. The rays of the sun concentrated by the most powerful burning-glass, which would easily melt gold or plantinum, strike powerless upon the highly-polished surface of a silver object. They are reflected, not absorbed, and the metal remains unaffected by the heat. Another effect of this quality of silver is its power of retaining heat; whence its use for the manufacture of teapots, coffee-pots, and other vessels for holding liquids which are required to be kept as hot as possible.

Silver has been esteemed as one of the precious metals from the earliest times, and would seem to have been used as a medium of exchange even before gold. We read that Abraham purchased the field of Ephron for 400 shekels of silver, and Joseph was sold for forty pieces of the same metal. It is noteworthy, also, that the Hebrew word for silver has exactly the signification of the modern French word *argent*—meaning either "silver" or "money." Silver, however, was certainly not coined until it had been used for many hundred years as a medium of exchange. According to Herodotus, money was first stamped or coined by the Lydians, about 700 years before the Christian era.

The value of silver, as compared with that of gold, has varied greatly at different periods. M. Faucher is of opinion that originally silver, in some countries, was worth quite as much, if not more, than gold. In the fifth century B.C. gold was only worth six times as much as silver; and in some ancient Egyptian laws we find the relative values of the metals fixed at two and a half to one. The immense amount of silver obtained from Asia, Greece, and Spain during the Roman Empire caused its value to be much depreciated; but the deficiency of skill in working the ores, and the great demand for the metal for ornamental purposes in the sixteenth century, caused its value to rise to one-tenth of that of gold. During the last hundred and fifty years its value has been pretty constant at one-fifteenth of the value of gold.

The chief silver-producing countries of antiquity were Nubia, Ethiopia, and parts of Greece; but the wealth of the Spanish mines was developed at a very early period, and was the principal support of the extensive commerce so long carried on by the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Romans. A very valuable mine was opened by Hannibal himself in the Sierra Morena. The Spaniards continued to supply Europe from their native mines until the discovery of the New World opened to them a fresh field for enterprise in the golden realms of South America.

The celebrated mines of Potosi, in Peru, were for a long time unrivaled, but they have fallen off greatly in productiveness of late years; and owing to the heavy government dues in Peru and Bolivia, and the rude and inaccessible country in which the silver is found, the supply has fallen off to such a degree that, while Mexico alone exports annually more than 2,000,000 pounds, only 600,000 pounds are exported from all South America! Spain contributes about 150,000 pounds; Austria, 90,000 pounds; and Great Britain, 70,000 pounds. Silver, like gold, is also found in small quantities in almost every part of the world; but it should be remarked that in Great Britain it is very rarely found in a pure state, but chiefly combined with lead, from which it is separated by a very ingenious process called cupellation. Even in Mexico the metal is usually found in such an impure state as to render its refining complicated and expensive. It is separated from its impurities in two ways. In the first method the ore is crushed to powder in a mill, and the silver separated by means of mercury and common salt. In the second method the silver is combined with lead by fusion, and afterward separated by cupellation. In this process the lead containing the silver is roasted in small crucibles, or *cupels*, made of bone ashes. These cupels have the property of absorbing the oxyds of those metals which are affected by oxygen, and holding those that will not oxydize. A current of air is made to pass over the metal when in a state of fusion, and the lead, being oxydized by the oxygen, is absorbed into the cupel. When the oxydized lead, or *litharge*, is all absorbed, the cupel is withdrawn from the furnace, and its contents are pure silver.

The silver-smith's art has been at all times held in the highest esteem among civilized nations; but it received a wonderful impetus in Europe from the triumph of the Christian religion, under Constantine, in the early part of the fourth century. Incredible sums were lavished on decorating the Christian churches, especially at Rome, with figures, shrines, and ornaments of silver, and sometimes even of gold; and communion vessels, croziers, and crosses still remain to bear witness to the liberality and artistic taste of the early converts. France soon began to take a lead in the beauty of her works in silver; and Eloy, a celebrated artificer in the precious metals, was made a bishop by Dagobert I., and subsequently canonized. He did not cease to work after his consecration, and his example was followed by many of the French bishops. A taste for Saint Eloy's art was thus created in France, which continued to flourish in the monasteries and religious houses during many centuries of barbarism. The calamities which befell Italy during the seventh and eighth centuries checked the progress of the art; but after the consolidation of the temporal power of the popes by Charlemagne, the pontiffs endeavored to restore the churches to their former splendor. Leo III. is said to have caused no less than 300,000 ounces of silver to be worked up for the various churches in Rome. The influence of Byzantine civilization had a marked effect upon the silver work of the eleventh century, and gave a new impulse to the art. Suger, the minister of Louis le Gros, and Theophilus (who has left us a most interesting treatise on almost all the industrial arts of his time) kept up the old glory of France during the twelfth century. At the end of the thirteenth the Italians once more took the lead in Europe. Their artificers studied in the schools of the great painters and sculptors, and the silver-smith's art rose in consequence to a high state of perfection. It would be out of place, in an article like this, to give a list of the great silver-workers of the Middle Ages, but we can not pass over such a man as Benvenuto Cellini without a word. This great artist came into the world with the sixteenth century; he spent some years in Paris, at the court of Francis I.; but executed most of his wonderful designs for his native city, Florence. Many of his productions have been preserved, by their extreme beauty, from the fate of almost all medieval silver work, and are still the gems of many a rich collection. Cellini also, like Theophilus, wrote a treatise upon the art he cultivated, and died while writing his autobiography, in 1572. Previous to the fourteenth century there was very little silver in the houses of the laity—almost all the plate being in the possession of the clergy, or used for ecclesiastical purposes. In the luxurious days of Richard II., in England, however, plate begun to be considered a necessary at the tables of the rich. But it seldom remained long in their possession; for there were no bankers in those days, nor any way of investing money except in land. So, when a sudden call came to be made upon a great lord, his only resource was to melt down his plate, or sell it at a ruinous sacrifice to an obliging Jew. Owing to this state of things, and to the disastrous civil wars in England during the fifteenth century, very little plate was accumulated in the mansions of the rich. The taste revived in the reign of Elizabeth, and flourished during the palmy days of the cavaliers, only to be put down as an abomination by the rude Puritans of the Commonwealth.

CHAPPED HANDS AND FACE, SORE LIPS, &c., cured at once by the use of *Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.* It keeps the hands soft in the coldest weather. See that you get the genuine. Sold by Druggists. Price 25 cents per box. Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents.—HEGEMAN & Co., New York.

IT IS SADDENING to see our hair blossoming for the grave too early. More especially women feel this affliction, and it is even a greater deformity to them than to men. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR removes it and restores the hair sometimes, but its original color always.—[*Com.*]

Why will ye Doubt?

EARTHLY BLESSINGS.

THE human system, the most perfect of all the works of the Creator, is so constituted that, to be entirely healthy, it must throw off the waste, worn-out, and poisonous materials as fast as it takes on new materials from our food and drink. The food is assimilated, and made into nourishing and healthy blood, principally through the offices of the stomach, liver, and lungs. The worn-out materials are mostly excreted by the liver, lungs, and kidneys; but all medical men have heretofore failed to recognize the vast importance of the liver as a blood-purifying and excreting organ. The most learned German physiologists, who base their assertions upon actual experiments only, state that the amount of BILE which should be manufactured by the liver and poured into the intestines each day is two and one-half pounds. All persons interested to know this fact, and the experiments to prove it, may see a *résumé* of these facts in Professor Dalton's Physiology.

Remember one thing more: The bile is something more than the natural physic of the bowels, as has heretofore been taught by eminent medical men. The bile is mostly made up of the waste matter of the blood—effete, worn-out, and injurious materials. If the liver does not make this bile, and pour it into the intestines daily, it remains in the blood as a poison. It poisons the blood itself, and circulates, as irritating and poisonous matter in the blood, to every organ in the system.

The blood, poisoned with the daily-accumulated excess of bile, returns from the liver to the heart, and the nerves of the heart are affected.

Just so with the LUNGS. The bile-poisoned blood goes from the upper and right cavity of the heart to the lower cavity, and thence directly to the lungs, circulating all through these most delicate organs. The lung tissues are poisoned and irritated, and they invite the scrofulous humors of the blood, because they are thus irritated. Hence Consumption, which is local scrofula—so defined and proved by LUGOL and all the most scientific authors.

Catarrh of the head and throat, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Neuralgia, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Palsy, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Piles, Epileptic Fits, Headaches, Bronchitis, Heart Disease, Eruptions, Dropsy, Cancers, and very many other diseases, are caused by derangements of the Liver.

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT, AND OF SOME OF THOSE DISEASES PRODUCED BY LIVER COMPLAINT.

A sallow or yellow color of the skin, or yellowish-brown spots on the face and other parts of the body; dullness and drowsiness, with frequent headache, bitter or bad taste in the mouth, dryness of the throat, and internal heat; palpitation of the heart; in many cases a dry, teasing cough, with sore throat; unsteady appetite, sour stomach, with a rising of the food and a choking sensation in the throat; sickness and vomiting, distress, heaviness, or a bloated or full feeling about the stomach and sides, which is often attended with pains and tenderness; aggravating pains in the sides, back, or breast, and about the shoulders; colic pain and soreness through the bowels, with heat; constipation of the bowels, alternating with frequent attacks of diarrhœa; piles, flatulence, nervousness, coldness of the extremities, rush of blood to the head, with symptoms of apoplexy; numbness of the limbs, especially at night; cold chills, alternating with hot flushes; female weakness and irregularities, with dullness, low spirits, unsociability, and gloomy forebodings.

THE WILLING WITNESSES.

There is presented below a selection of a few (from the many which are contained in my new work entitled "Discoveries") who have expressed, in glowing and heartfelt words, their wish to offer testimony in behalf of my system of practice and uniform success in mastering the long catalogue of diseases engendered by faulty mechanical and chemical action of that most important organ, the Liver.

Space does not allow of these "noble offerings to science and philanthropy" being presented here in full; but the "despondent in heart and weary in body" can procure the entire work, free of charge, by sending me their post-office address.

I give below the names of many of the noblest, truest, and purest men and women who have rendered our land illustrious by their deeds in the various walks of life. They indorse me unequivocally as a physician, a man of honor, and a philanthropist. I merely name some of the diseases of which I have been the humble means, through the hands of a Divine Providence, of curing them. Their glowing words are in full in the book mentioned. Write to any of them, and get from their own pens the facts. Any of them will answer all inquiries of this character.

CURED OF CATARRH AND LIVER COMPLAINT.

Rev. Joseph Jones, St. Joseph, Michigan, says: "You may refer to me at any time, and I shall be ever pleased to bear testimony to your extraordinary skill."

GOVERNOR JACOBS, OF KENTUCKY.

His Excellency ex-Lieutenant-Governor R. T. Jacobs, Westport, Kentucky, writes, in concluding his testimony: "If this should come under the observation of any poor sick wretch, racked with pain, who has been rotted with calomel, quinine, iron, and such like medicines, I earnestly appeal to him to try your most valuable discoveries."

LIVER DISEASE WITH FEMALE DEBILITY.

Mary F. Landram (care I. N. Alsop, Esq., Fredericksburg, Va.) writes: "May Heaven's richest blessings ever be showered on the greatest benefactor of his race, Professor R. L. Hamilton, M.D."

HAD QUICK CONSUMPTION.

The eminent divine and missionary, Rev. A. A. Constantine, 43 Ann Street, New York City, ends his offering: "May God bless you in all your researches in his great laboratory, and make you his agent in restoring other thousands to health."

CURED OF CONSUMPTION.

Rev. J. W. Hinkley, Athens, Me., writes: "To you, with God's blessing, do I owe my worldly existence."

The forcible theological writer, Rev. H. D. Kimball, 254 Broadway, New York City, adds to his epistle: "Dr. Hamilton will counsel you wisely in the terrible battles you may have with acute or chronic diseases."

CHRONIC DIARRHŒA.

The eminent pulpit orator, Rev. George H. Jones, Boonton, N. J., writes me: "I wish I had the voice of seven thunders, and could assemble all the sick in the world, I would direct them to you."

MOST RESPECTABLE AUTHORITY.—RHEUMATISM.

Rev. Isaac Hugg, Pointville, N. J., writes: "Under the blessings of Divine Providence, you have done great things for me."

STRONG CORROBORATION.

Rev. W. B. Jacobs, 113 Harrison Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

This widely-known clerical editor and divine writes: "I frankly express the hope that diseased humanity in every part of our land may avail themselves of Professor Hamilton's remarkable skill, and thus share the noble blessings so kindly and freely bestowed upon all."

DYSPEPSIA, WITH HEART DIFFICULTY.

Mrs. Josephine S. Hatch, Provincetown, Mass., writes: "My friends say to me, 'He must be more than man who has done this.'"

SALT-RHEUM AND SCROFULA.

"It is your medicines that have accomplished my cure of salt-rheum and scrofula."
MISS CHARLOTTE RHOADES,
Cortlandt Centre, Kent Co., Mich.

CURE OF ASTHMA.

"Any letter of inquiry I will cheerfully answer."
JOSEPH LITTLE, Afton, N. Y.

RHEUMATISM.—A GREAT CURE.

"In one month I was perfectly cured, after suffering for seven years, and with confinement to bed."
WM. H. NELLIS, Oliopolis, Venango Co., Pa.

EPILEPTIC FITS.

John S. Sharp, Buckhart, Ill., says: "I wish you to publish the cure of my wife far and near."

ANOTHER.—FITS CURED.

Miss A. Kelderhouse, Guilderland, N. Y., remarks: "And if any doubt the truth of my cure, you may refer them to me, and I will satisfy them."

DISEASE OF THE BOWELS.

Rev. Augustus Alvord, Ridgebury, Conn., writes also: "I deem it a duty and a pleasure to state the facts of my cure of this bowel disease, which lasted for years."

GIVES STRENGTH.

"I pronounce myself well. I have done more hard work in the last eight months than before in thirty years."
SAMUEL CURTIS, Dakota City, Neb.

A FEW WORDS MORE.

Dear reader, it is useless to cry *humbug;* for these patients HAVE BEEN CURED, as well as thousands of others, and in gratitude have signified their desire to furnish ample TESTIMONY OF MY GREAT SUCCESS in curing all *Liver, Lung, and Blood Diseases.* Write to them; ask them for the truth; and, if satisfied with the evidence presented, put yourself in my care, and I will give you the benefits of my large experience. Below are a few only, selected from my "Work on Remarkable Cures." I do this to give the skeptical abundant evidence of my reliability and remarkable skill. THE PROOFS ARE OFFERED; weigh them, and act according to your judgment.

Rev. Washington Medaris, Sydney, Ohio; Rev. A. C. Shepardson, Three Rivers, Mich.; Rev. Isaac Crouse, Galion, O.; Mrs. L. M. Richardson, Cleburne, Texas; Jacob and Margaret Barnes, Arcata, Cal.; David Norman, Yankton, Dacotah Territory; D. W. Russell, 13 Merchants' Exchange, Boston; Mrs. Samuel Lee, New York Mills, N. Y.; W. C. Porter, Millwood, Mo.; J. A. Young, Ravenna, O.; Samuel M. Wagoner, Esq., Dillsbury, Pa.; Mrs. F. S. Whipple, Cambridge, Vt.; Mrs. S. J. F. Barnett, Pacolet Depot, S. C.; Emily W. Reid, Ellicottville, N. Y.; L. E. Fish, Esq., Moline, Ill.; Jas. A. Pickett, Esq., Jacksonville, Fla.; Louisa O. Cobb, Hubbardton, Vt.; Adam Grubb, Louisville, Ala.; J. L. Higbee, Esq., Cattarangus, N.Y.; Francis E. Wood, Esq., New Road, N. Y.; Mrs. H. A. Taylor, East Troy, Wis.; Mrs. M. E. Mitchell, Jersey Shore, Pa.; J. H. Spencer, Sugar Grove, Ky.; Wm. Freeburn, Latrobe, Neb.; H. Hearlein, Esq., Atlanta, Ga.; J. M. Vansyckle, Esq., Wallula, Washington Territory; William Walker, Esq., Wellington, Iowa; P. Schermerhorn, Bloomville, N. Y.; Mrs. J. Laidlow, Box 706, Fort Wayne, Ind.; E. Kate Rodney, Coatesville, Pa.; Mrs. E. W. Chase, Warsaw, N. Y.; M. S. Hamilton, Pine Bluff, Ark.; N. E. Hicks, Wetumpka, Ala.; J. J. Bisel, Lock Haven, Pa.; Mrs. Samuel Sawyer, Grout's Corners, Mass.; Cornelia A. Van Vleit, Jericho, Vt.; Mrs. H. Garrett, Kansas City, Mo.; Benj. Berry, Esq., Matteawan, N. Y.; Alex. Hughes, Esq., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Wm. B. Betts, Esq., Norwalk, Conn.; S. S. Parker, Esq., Alabama, N. Y.; Luke Newell, Mason, N. H.; Mollie A. Brooks, West Point, Ga.; Mrs. S. E. Blackwell, Cokesburg, S. C.; Mrs. A. S. Childs, Richmond, Mo.; H. Houghton, La Grange, Wis.; Julia Sattler, Mifflin, Ohio.

CAUTION!

I hereby caution the public against certain persons who have taken advantage of my extensive reputation and the wonderful efficiency of my treatment, in palming off upon the afflicted worthless trash of various sorts, purporting to be remedies originated and prepared by R. Leonidas Hamilton, M.D. For the benefit of the public I will say once for all that I DO NOT PREPARE OR OFFER FOR SALE, IN ANY MANNER, ANY PATENT MEDICINES OR MEDICINAL PREPARATIONS OF THAT CHARACTER WHATEVER, AND I PRONOUNCE ALL SUCH COUNTERFEITS. Those who buy them, do so at their peril. The only remedies I compound, or authorize to be compounded, are those I prescribe for my patients daily, with my own hands, at No. 546 Broadway, New York City.

Write to Me, all Ye Afflicted.

All I wish to know in any case is the most prominent symptoms; and they can just as well be written as told to a physician, and I can treat the case as easily as though the patient were present.

All invalids afflicted with the diseases referred to, or with any form of chronic disease, can write me at once, and I will answer you promptly and to the point, and state fully the facts as they appear, and whether you can or can not be saved. Do not give up, even though your family physician has done you no good, for I have saved thousands after all hope had fled and the grave was near. The wisdom and goodness of a just Providence will not withhold the noble means for the restoration and cure of his suffering and erring children.

Also, if you expect a full and specific reply to your letter, always enclose ten cents. Postage must be paid in advance, and all persons under treatment who write for advice, or any other purpose, must enclose with each letter ten cents; for it must be borne in mind that, having so many letters every day, it consumes time.

I attend to all correspondence in person, and the afflicted public may rely upon my responsibility, and that they will be dealt with justly and honorably.

ONE WORD MORE, DEAR READER, NOTICE.

The full history of all the above cases (besides many more), my theory of diseases and the only natural, safe, and positive treatment for all chronic complaints, biographical sketch of Prof. H.'s remarkable life, and his steel-plate likeness—a valuable work for every family—SENT FREE, by giving your name and post-office address.

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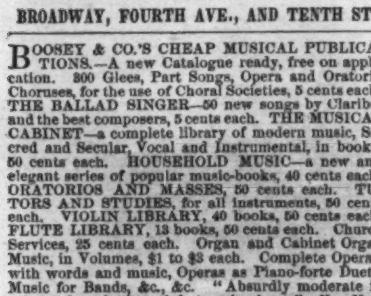
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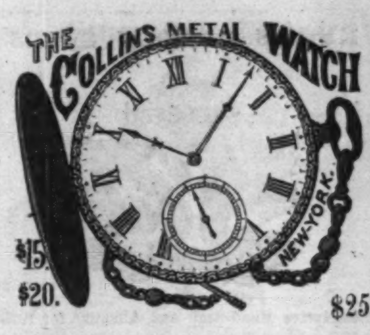

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